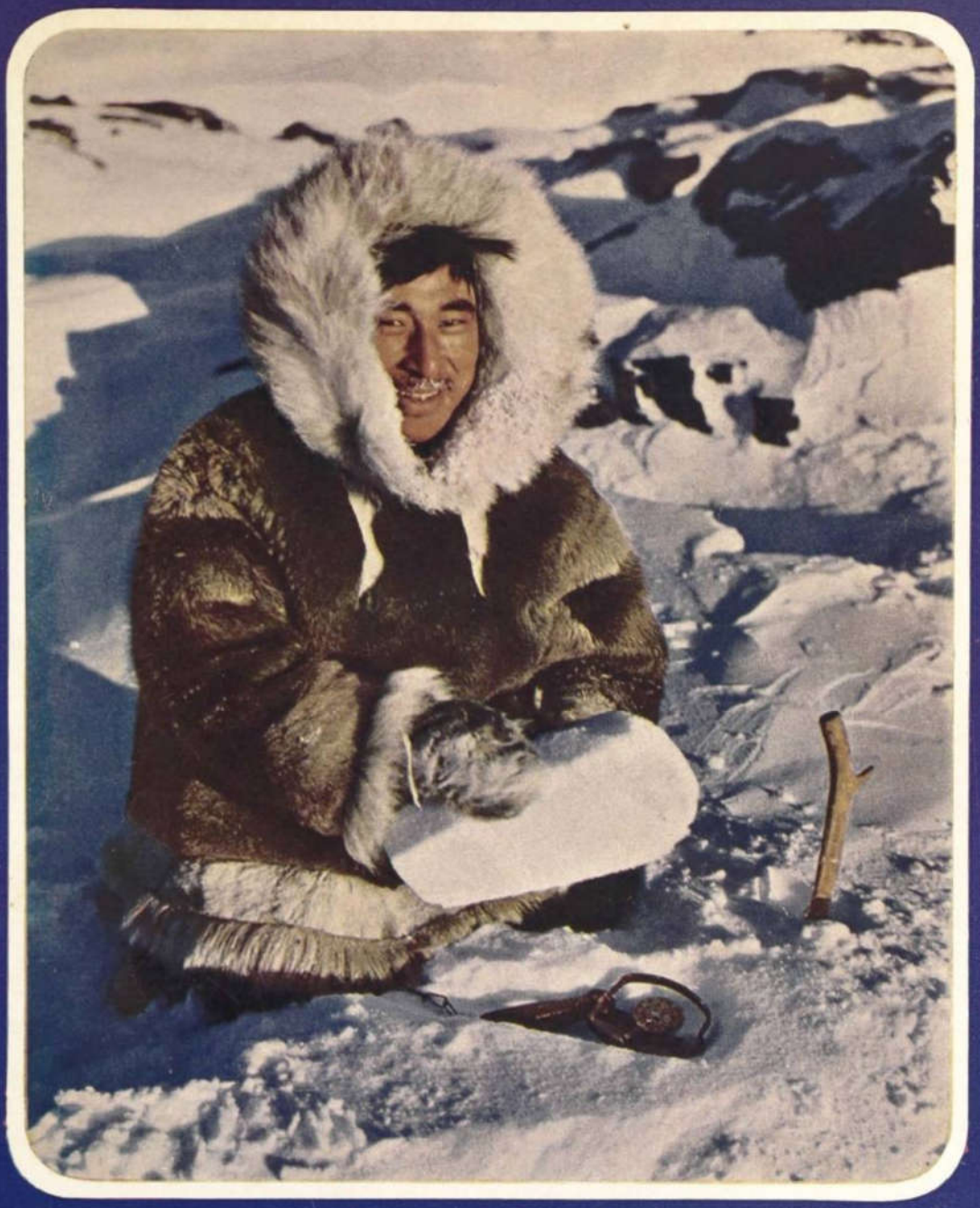

# The Beaver

## A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 280 MAR. 1950

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

March Winds — *Richard Harrington*

# THE BEAVER

OUTFIT 280 — MARCH 1950

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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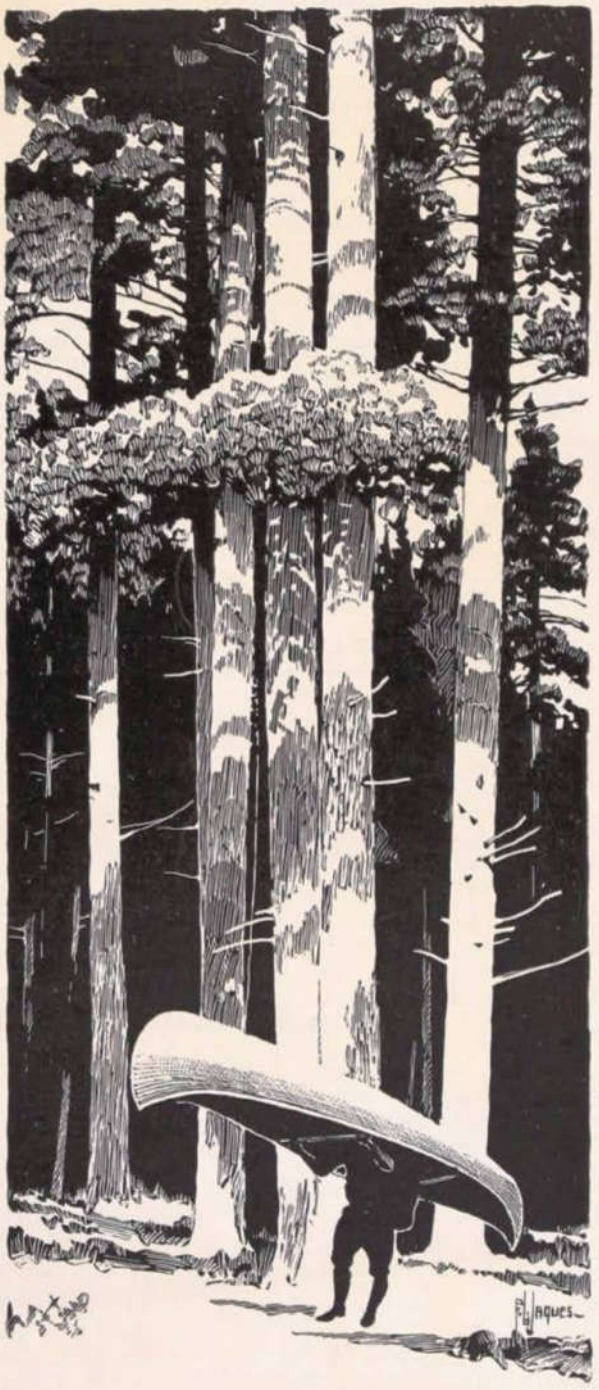
# WILDERNESS TREASURE

by Florence Page Jaques

*Illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques*

**The author and illustrator of *Canoe Country* and *Snowshoe Country* describe the joys of travelling along the historic "Voyageur's Highway" in the Quetico-Superior border region.**



IN a far corner, only duskily flickered over by the blaze, I beheld great heaps of coin and quadrilaterals built of bars of gold. . . . Doubloons and double guineas and moidores and sequins; nearly every variety of money in the world must, I think, have found a place in that collection; and for number, I am sure they were like autumn leaves, so that my back ached with stooping and my fingers with sorting them out." That was the treasure of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

The Count of Monte Cristo's treasure was even more diversified. "Dantes could see an oaken coffer bound with cut steel. Three compartments divided the coffer. In the first blazed piles of golden coin. In the second, bars of unpolished gold. In the third Edmond grasped handfuls of diamonds, pearls and rubies, which as they fell on one another sounded like hail against glass."

If anyone could ignore such treasure, or wilfully throw it away, we would be aghast. Yet we own a treasure which, to those fortunate enough to love the wilderness, is far more precious. This is our canoe country, a wild land which stretches for more than a hundred miles along the border between Minnesota and Ontario. Here is a great network of thousands of lakes set in a superbly rocky country that is forested with pine, spruce and hardwoods; the last great wilderness area of the United States and one of the most beautiful in Canada.

The minute Lee and I turn our faces toward that area, the happiness of anticipation floods through us. And when our canoe slips into the crystal water, with our packsacks wedged about us, and we realize there are long days of utter freedom ahead of us, our joy is unbounded.

To feel the paddle firm in one's hands again, to set out on the blue glitter of one lake and know that ahead of us there are countless more, bound together by rivers and portages so that we can travel in any direction with no fear of a mistake, since the country is all beauty—there is no fascination like that. There is joy in making a portage again (until we have made one too many!) when we pull the canoe up on the shore, take up the packsacks and tread the lichened rocks (worn long ago by feet of Indians and voyageurs), smell the cedar and ignore a scolding red squirrel.

Or come to the end of the first day's paddling and look for the first camp site. We skirt the most delightful peninsulas and islands, discarding them recklessly.

"Splendid Norways there, but it would be windy."

"There's a cove. No, the trees are aspens."

"Those islands, Lee! Set high, with their crowded spruces, they're like a fleet of sailing ships! I want to go there." (I covet islands the way some women crave necklaces.)

"Too small. There wouldn't be wood enough for our fire.—Look, how about that point? if we make camp there, you can explore your islands while I catch fish for supper." So we drift past squared cliffs, hung with juniper and ferns, to a tiny rockbound harbour, and find a level spot under great white pines, with wild raspberries near at hand, bigger and more numerous than Edmond's rubies.

And there are always surprises at any camp. You never know what neighbours you will have. Tiny warblers may run about on lily pads, pretending to be waterfowl. Perhaps woodmice will clear away the crumbs from your rock table. Make no mistake, they are immaculate little servitors; though they may decide later in the night to become Alpine climbers, scrabbling and scratching up the roof of the tent as if it were a Matterhorn. Beavers may work with fury, to shame us as we lie at ease on the shore; they forge down the rose-bright river at sunset with streamers of green poplar, slapping their tails and diving when we call to them.

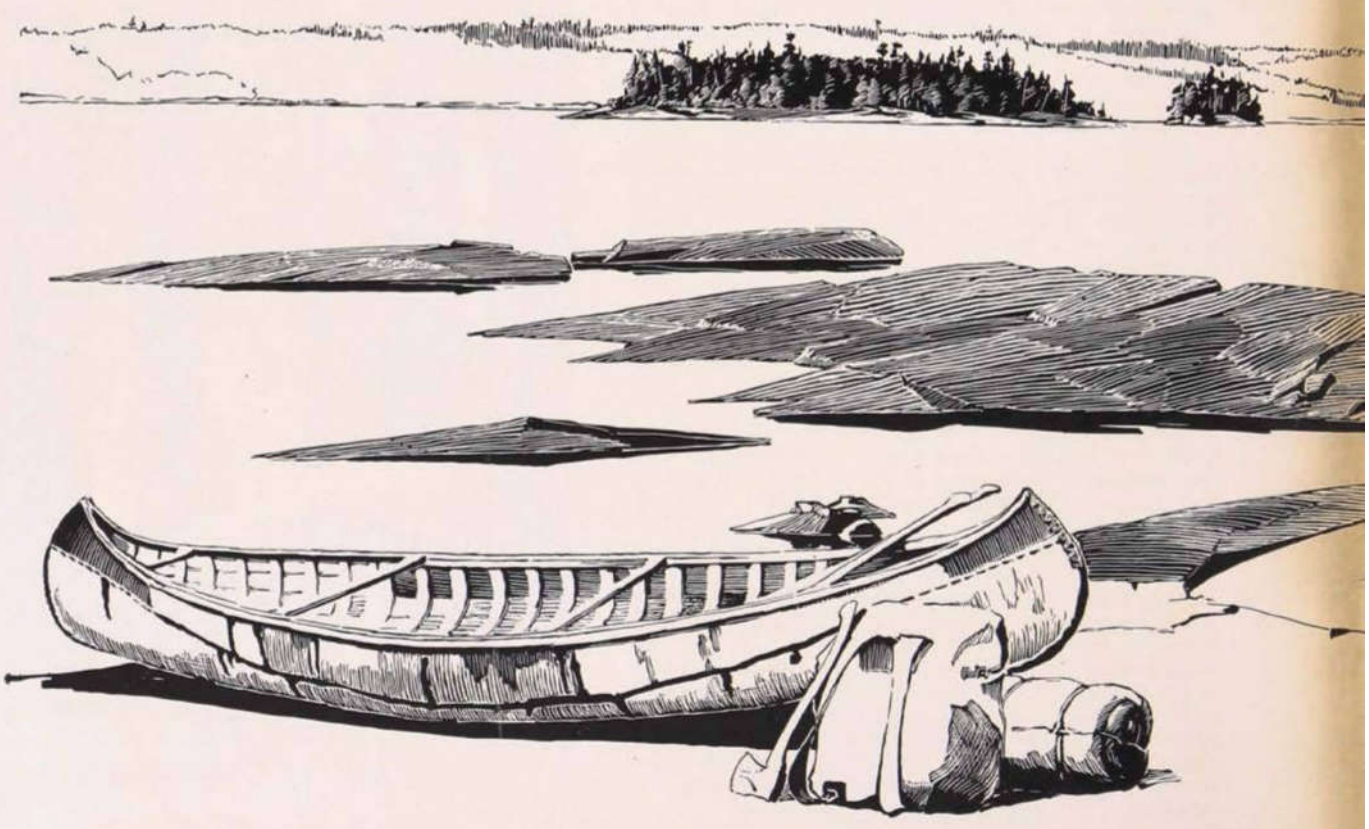
One night when I was too sleepy to wait for the moonrise over the tattered spruces, there were exceptionally noisy animals near at hand. In fact, the family seemed to be practically under my sleeping bag. First there were little squeaks. Then mutters and grunts. Then rustle, rustle, rustle; someone went away. Squeak, squeak. Then rustle, rustle; someone was back.

There was no chance to get to sleep. At first I wanted to interfere with this homelife, but Lee decided the family was a porcupine one, so I reconsidered.

I had always thought of porcupines as taciturn and apathetic. These certainly weren't. When the squeaky babies finally went to sleep, there was a short interval of silence. Father had rustled off again. Then rattle, rattle, back he came, and a long conversation between the parents took place—rather endearing, explanatory, confidential, but on and on and on, far into the night.

Once we were wakened by a cow moose, yearning through the dark, and that was the weirdest and most appalling cry I ever heard. It frightened me. Wolf calls, on the other hand, are pleasantly thrilling, though I've never been lucky enough to hear what a friend has just written glowingly about—"the she-wolf teaching her pups to howl on a distant hill in the first frosts."

But satisfactory as the choosing of a first camp is, even more is waking next morning to realize we are actually on a canoe trip. Then as we start out, the scent of our woodsmoke still in the air (though the fire



itself has been drenched, and drenched again) the world is so fair and newly minted that we feel we are its first discoverers. The morning clouds are still faintly rosy above dark forest, the water is clear olive-brown in shadow and silver in the sun. A huge pileated woodpecker, more savage-looking than any bear or wolf, is tearing at a pine as if it were his deadly enemy.

I can never decide which is my favourite time, early morning or early evening. That doesn't matter; it is the time when the water is so still that our canoe seems afloat in mid-air, only a speck in the centre of a great luminous sphere. We may be suspended in a bubble of misty blue, or clear yellow-green. Over and under and around us may be the changing colours of a fire opal. There may be the colourless translucence of a moonstone. Whatever the colour, at that time, instead of wearing a jewel, I am in the heart of one.

To show how swiftly one collects treasure in this solitude, I will give you twenty-four hours from the notebook I kept on our last canoe trip.

"October 4.

"When we started up the long lake this morning, a fog was rising from the gray water in smoky curls, and a loon laughed at us from somewhere in the mist. There is no exhilaration like starting out on a long canoe trip—it was just as exciting this time as the first time I tried it. Perhaps even more so, for now I know how glorious it will be.

"We headed for the extreme end of the north bay, far from cabins or trails. The sun shone and, as the land became more untamed, flights of mergansers and cormorants met us. I caught sight of my first goshawk, a bird out of a ballad. His swift grace, the vast extent of blue water, the huge cloud bubbles, and pine pungence blowing down the hills, produced that almost unbearable ecstasy I have found here before.

"We stopped for lunch on a sand beach, under huge cedars. We always stop at the sand beaches if we can; there aren't many and the tracks there tell us who has been visiting the beach—deer, moose, mink, bear, mice or otter. Flocks of red-breasted nuthatches came by. Very small, and the comic shortness of their tails making them look even smaller, they flew about us in swarms or ran down the trees head first. They are upside down even more than chickadees are.

"Early in the afternoon we slid along a bank of bulrushes close to a deer and a fawn. The doe looked at us and decided we were 'nothin' but a nothin'.' The fawn suddenly got our wind. What bounds that youngster made, over reeds, up steep rocks and past a high crag, flag flying. We never saw the doe leave—she simply wasn't there.

"We turned to go, and a groan stopped us. What on earth? A porcupine? No, it was a louder sound. I thought a wounded animal must be in the bushes; Lee said the noise came from the shore ahead.

"He leaped out and began to turn over boulders. To my dismay, for a wounded beast might attack us. Finding nothing, we pushed out from shore.

"The frightful sound came again. We couldn't leave that sufferer to its fate. Lee got out and pried up larger rocks. Under one he found a huge leopard—(I wish that I could manage so that word would be the last one before the page was turned)—a leopard frog!

"Wilder gusts began to blow as we went along, and the water roughened. I'm beginning to see why Lee is more cautious in autumn weather—squalls come up so quickly. Our last mile was a stiff fight against wind and waves, and we were glad to find shelter in the north bay, where a maze of channels and islands lured us on. This was the wild country of escarpments cushioned deep with moss, massive shoulders shadowy with pine, and ledges of pale pink granite, for which I always long.

"'Look at that thunderhead!' Lee said. Suddenly it loomed black above a cliff, rising up like a giant. The sky grew more and more sinister; there was a great dark arch edged with menacing light, behind an emptiness of grayish orange, awful to behold. And there was ominous silence—the tension that holds before a storm.

"We managed by frantic effort to reach a forested point, weight the canoe, pound tent pegs down and tie the tent-flaps tight before we met the foe. It was a hailstorm.

"But we felt comfortable and triumphant, wrapped in our blankets, reading a mystery, while hailstones, as large as mothballs and much noisier, battered at our frail shelter.

"By suppertime the sun was out and the wind died. The pines threw long shadows down the sunny rocks and we built our fire in a cranny so close to the water that I could dip the coffee pot in the lake and set it on the fire in one sweeping motion. Besides sunshine for supper, we had broiled fish and blueberries. Also a dare-devil chipmunk, who was in and out of my plate till I felt like eating him too.

"After supper we went out in the canoe again. The narrow channel rippled brown and gold. Among the

dark pines stray birches glinted and rocks were softened by great puffs of gray reindeer moss. But when we came out, past black islands, into open water, I never saw such glory.

"The aspens, thick above the shores, were a yellow brilliance and the sunset light intensified that colour, so that the hills seemed asparkle with gold crystals. Instead of hail, bright sunflakes might have fallen there. The clear sky changed to transparent apple-green, and near by the lemon-yellow ash had every leaf repeated in the still water.

"We watched the colour ebb from sky and water and the bright hills darken. A moon was a ghost in the foggy east. We heard a deer somewhere along the shore, and a mink was silhouetted against the night, on a rocky ledge.

"By the time we were in our sleeping bags there was dim moonlight and the night grew in beauty. I tried hard to keep awake to watch the moonlight descend the stairsteps of pine branches. The soft plumed needles floated in airy terraces of silver and dusk.

"We woke to a desultory rain and a far from desultory wind, which sounded too arctic and threatening to face. When we peered out it was a dismal Novemberish morning. Our pale green tent with its mosquito netting looked too fragile and summery for words against its bleak background.

"But when we were up and about it wasn't bad. Not really cold, and I enjoyed getting a hot breakfast in spite of the rain—there was such satisfaction in outwitting the elements. Lee made a blazing fire beneath a rock ledge and we were completely sheltered from the wind if we stayed under its rim. If we stood up, of course, a sudden gust might blow away a spoon or flap our tin plates disastrously. But on such a wet morning, it is impossible to describe how good the hot coffee and bacon taste, how delicious the odour of slightly burned flapjacks and damp cedar thickets.

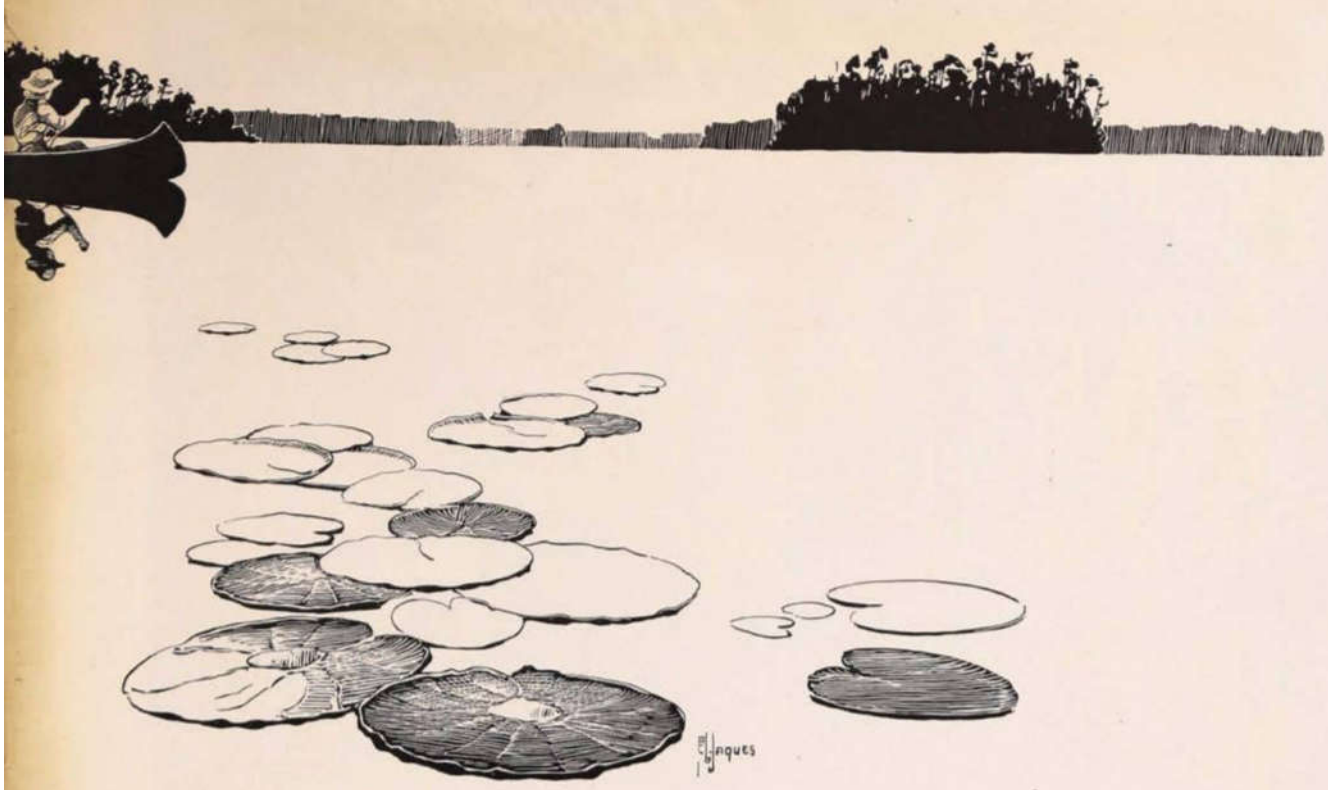
"We had as difficult a time with two moosebirds as I had had with my chipmunk. They scooped up my

precious butter, they plunged into the packsack of food, and I almost managed to shut one up in the lunch bag.

"When we broke camp ravens were flying above the orange tamaracks in the marsh and as we went down the bay we heard a wild gabbling ahead. 'Geese? Geese!' we said to each other, beginning to paddle furiously. The geese turned out to be twenty or thirty loons, having a wild frolic in the centre of the lake before they started south."

Now what greater treasure can we ask for than the memory of such hours? What more delightful way of lulling oneself to sleep than recalling those waterways and portages? Nothing can take them from us for the rest of our lives. And the *need* for such close interaction with primitive nature is far greater than we consciously realize. We forget how completely our lives depend on "the green cells," how real our kinship is with furred and feathered brothers.

There is treasure here of sight, sound, taste, scent and touch. It is exciting to find how one enjoys the difference in walking on bare stone, on resilient moss



and pine needles, or on frosty grass. The smell of the crushed sweet-gale, fragrant as lemon verbena, and the fresh watery taste of wintergreen berries have an odd charm.

Sounds of the wilderness seem to me special treasures. Every one, when he thinks of this country, remembers first the wild unforgettable laughter of the loons, and the wind in the pine tops. Then comes the memory of the hermit thrush singing in the late golden afternoon. And the deep *bong* of the frozen lakes in 30-below-zero weather, or the grunts and cracks you hear beneath your snowshoes as you cross the ice, seventeen inches thick beneath you. The sound of rapids, far off and faint, then increasingly thunderous as you paddle near. The whistle of a deer, surprised in a thicket.

But there are smaller sounds to collect, too. There is the sound of pine cones dropping through the stillness. There is the first faint beautiful indication that tea water is beginning to boil, after hours of icy paddling. And the chickadee's spring song—just two notes, like a tiny phoebe. Snow slipping from spruce boughs in the winter dusk. The lap of little waves against the shore, before dawn comes.

But all these sounds are only secondary to the sound of wilderness silence—that deep, soul-satisfying silence against which we can lean with our whole weight. A *purity* of silence that one can never forget.

That lovely stillness holds the unique quality of the canoe country—the sense of absolute escape from the present world of complications and tenseness. Not a partial escape, but an absolute one. So I would have no man-made sounds but the simplest—the dip of the paddle, the scrape of a canoe on a sandy beach, the crackle of a campfire. For this reason, I would ban motors of any kind: at their noise we lose the far-away-and-long-ago peace and are jerked back to the hurry of here and now. I value the keen delight of having life governed by the slightest sound, as when we change our course because we may hear the distant drumming of a grouse or the faint whistle of a duck's wings.

Let us keep this one wilderness primitive. We have refuges for wildfowl; why not one for the canoeist? There are many parks for those who feel no need to get away from each other and from modern intricacies. There should be one for those who do feel that need.

For this solitude is unique—we cannot destroy it and find another. I used to think we might, by going farther north. But the wilderness there is not the same, there is not the lovely diversity; as one goes north the species of trees and plants narrow to only a fraction what one finds in the border country.

I know that not all people can understand this love of the wilderness, just as not all have a love of music. But as there are symphonies, so there should be wilderness areas. The healing, the profound release they bring cannot be measured. Here is more than therapy—here is an inexhaustible serenity that lifts men to a level above the one on which they have lived before. Rare indeed is the treasure that can bring such lasting joy, such deep contentment.

# Guarding the Treasure

by John C. W. Irwin

*Photos taken in Quetico Park*

*by R. Harrington*

***To keep part of the Quetico-Superior region an unspoiled wilderness is the aim of many public-spirited citizens on both sides of the border. This article tells what is being done on the Canadian side.***

A DESPATCH from Charleston, S.C., dated January 14, 1950, reads in part as follows: "Hot in pursuit of happiness, seven persons just a little bit fed up on what they call civilization were ready to sail in a matter of hours for the Windward Isles aboard the schooner *Blue Goose*. 'We want to get away from people,' said Sullivan, the navigator. 'What we will do is to get away from all the forced conventions growing by the thousands in this country. We're fed up with society. We've hob-nobbed with kings and queens, counts and countesses, barons and earls, and the big shots of industry. We're tired of pretension, the false way of life, and so we're on our way to an ideal existence—something like Utopia on an enchanted isle—at least for the next four months!"

Not many of us are in a position, financial or otherwise, to say good-bye to our obligations for four months or so, much as we might like to do so. We do know, however, something of the need for getting away from the pressures and turmoil of the usual daily commercial and industrial existence. For some the necessity seems to be greater than for others, and solitude, as nearly as it can be achieved, has great recuperative power for such people.

This need of the human spirit for relief from tension has been uppermost in the thought of those citizens of Canada and the United States who have striven for many years to have set aside as wilderness a considerable part of what is known as the Quetico-Superior area in Ontario and Minnesota. This area comprises on both sides of the international border between Canada and the United States a total of some 16,000 square miles just west of Lake Superior.

These citizens are also concerned that, unless much is done to check it, man's destructive assault on the North American continent will soon make it impossible to find within reach of a goodly number of ordinary people a considerable area where natural conditions of forest and stream continue as they were in the early days. They think it is robbing succeeding generations of much of their heritage to leave no place untouched by permanent habitation, gasoline stations, hot-dog stands and dance halls—no place where people can live again in imagination the romantic stories of Indian, *coureur-de-bois*, voyageur and trapper, with the feeling that here is the actual country, actually as it was, when these figures of the past roamed and worked and fought—no place where for miles and miles and miles our people can travel by canoe as those people of another day travelled,

through lake and river and stream, down some rapids and around others, meeting scarcely another soul, unsullied by the dirt and stenches of civilization and undistracted by the noise of traffic.

Add to these considerations the belief of many that a wilderness of considerable size in this part of the continent would contribute to the preservation of some species of our wild life, particularly the moose, and you have the principal reasons for the Quetico-Superior movement on what might be called the idealistic plan. They are powerful and convincing.

But there is another reason that will appeal not only to the idealists, but also to those who are of a practical turn of mind, classes of people by no means mutually exclusive, and I write here as a Canadian and resident of Ontario. It is involved in the question of how this splendid recreational area should be developed in the best interests of Canada economically. For it seems certain that this section, often called "Forgotten Ontario," abounding in water courses and scenic beauty, will inevitably have to be opened up soon for commercial tourist resorts and summer homes. It is desirable that it should be, and since at first the majority of those spending vacations there are likely to be citizens of the U.S.A., the Canadian exchange situation should benefit materially. Fortunately the area on the Canadian side of some 9000 square miles (the equivalent of a square with a side 95 miles long) is practically free of summer resorts of any kind in the sections considered most valuable for wilderness, so that those responsible will not be involved in problems of expropriating established properties and can proceed with a free hand in planning its development.

How should this be done? Certainly not in a haphazard "first here, first served" manner without regard to the effect on the area as a whole, although certainly first-comers should receive some preference for showing their faith in the future of the new project. Many a fine piece of country has been opened up to "touristing" in this way, with far less than the best results—results in fact that might be described as tourist slums.

What is needed is some kind of zoning, the basis of long-term planning in cities and towns. In the new recreational area, the parks, residential sections and commercial sections of the city would have their counterparts in wilderness, summer cottage sections and commercial resort developments.

The value of the wilderness from the aesthetic point of view has been discussed. What is its value from a strictly practical standpoint? I think it need not be argued that much of the thrill of a real backwoods vacation is, for the city dweller, in the realization that he is far away from any semblance of his usual surroundings, much closer to nature, and in a place where wildlife abounds and may be seen again and again. It has been amply demonstrated in fact that tourist country is far more valuable and interesting to those patronizing it, if it borders on an uninhabited wilderness area into which vacationists may venture at will on either short or long excursions. Wilderness areas foster the survival and multiplication of wildlife which, overflowing to the surrounding zones, brings constant delight to young and old alike.

**Windy day on one of the border lakes.**

Zoning of this kind is what is proposed for the Canadian side of the Quetico-Superior area; it is already an established policy on the United States side, where the U.S. Congress has recently appropriated half a million dollars to buy out the few remaining resorts which were started in the area set aside as wilderness before the zoning policy was in full effect there.

If zoning is undertaken on the Canadian side, and properly administered, we shall have at our disposal, and that of visitors to our country, a summer playground unequalled anywhere on this continent—a playground on the edge of a wilderness.

To further this desirable plan, which would ensure against undesirable and haphazard development, a non-political committee of Canadians headed by the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey has been organized. This committee, in collaboration with a similar committee in the United States, is urging that both countries, with the co-operation of Ontario and Minnesota, enter into a treaty regarding the area. Under such a treaty both countries would agree to handle their respective lands on either side of the border in accordance with certain agreed-on principles as to land use and the treatment of wildlife.

A treaty is desirable because it provides legislators on both sides of the international boundary who are in favour of the Quetico-Superior plan with a method of assuring its continuance beyond their tenure of office. A treaty is, in fact, the only way so far conceived of enabling well-disposed legislators in 1950 to bind those who succeed them to preserve and maintain this highly desirable land-use project. For as long as great natural resources exist in any area they are constant temptation to persons who would exploit them regardless of the public's interest.

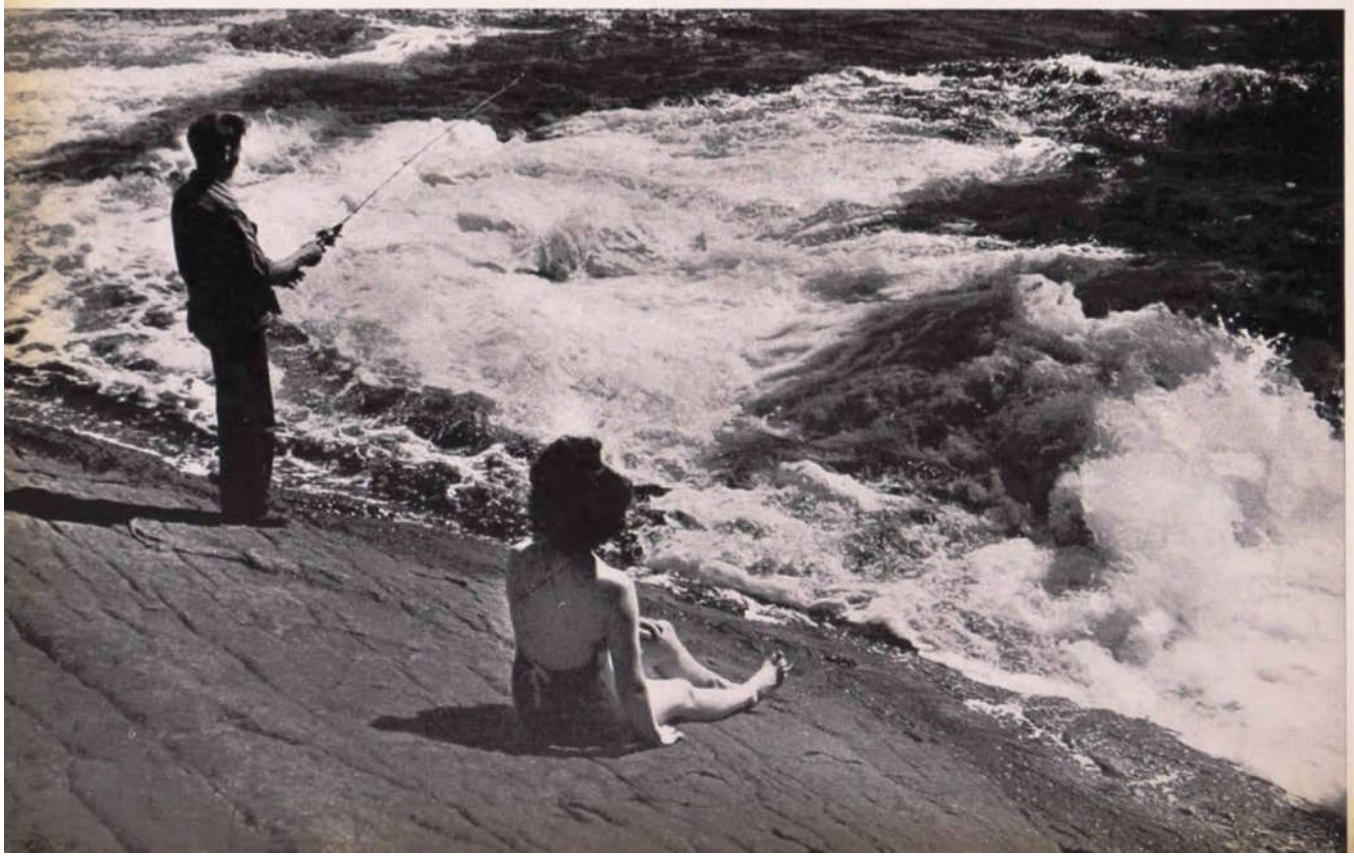
A treaty would serve to stave off the importunities of such people, for although a treaty can be abrogated on due notice, such action is not likely to be taken lightly by either of the two friendly sovereign governments concerned. It is to be anticipated also that in a very few years the wisdom of the plan would be entirely demonstrated and conservation minded people would rise to defend it if its continuance were in jeopardy.

It should be pointed out that there would be implied in the treaty no change of jurisdiction; the province of Ontario would continue to control the resources on its side of the border, and the authorities in the United States theirs. Consultation on major changes of policy, or practice within the general commitment as to management outlined above, would be expected, but the decision as to action or inaction would rest with the sovereign government in control.

This should be kept in mind as an answer to the Canadian flag-wavers, inspired, I believe, by the would-be exploiters just previously mentioned, that the whole scheme is a Yankee grab of Canadian territory! Such a statement reflects little credit on the ability of our own Canadian Department of External Affairs, in collaboration with the Ontario Government, to make certain the treaty is properly drawn to protect Canada's interest. These same people demand to know what Canada will get out of it more than at present, which is next to nothing in dollars and cents.

The matter of water-levels is of great importance as far as the scenic beauty of a body of water is concerned. Because of disregard of the value of retaining such beauty as nearly as possible unspoiled, the shorelines of hundreds of once-beautiful lakes in our forested north are now hideous jungles of dead and down trees, killed by abnormally high water backed up by dams. Not only is this offensive to the eye, but such a condition often makes it virtually impossible to make a landing from a canoe, aeroplane or other

**Duo in the sun.**



A sandy beach backed by a forest of pine on Pickerel Lake.

craft over long stretches of shoreline, a great inconvenience but also an occasion of real danger in case of distress, and of great loss of forest in the case of fire-fighters delayed in landing to fight fire.

The same kind of careful examination of all the factors involved would be undertaken if a water-power development were contemplated. Canadian conservationists need to be watchful that a corps of aggressive dam builders who would harness every sizable waterfall for power development regardless of the true cost does not develop in Canada as it has in the U.S., where the Izaak Walton League and others are constantly joining battle against it.

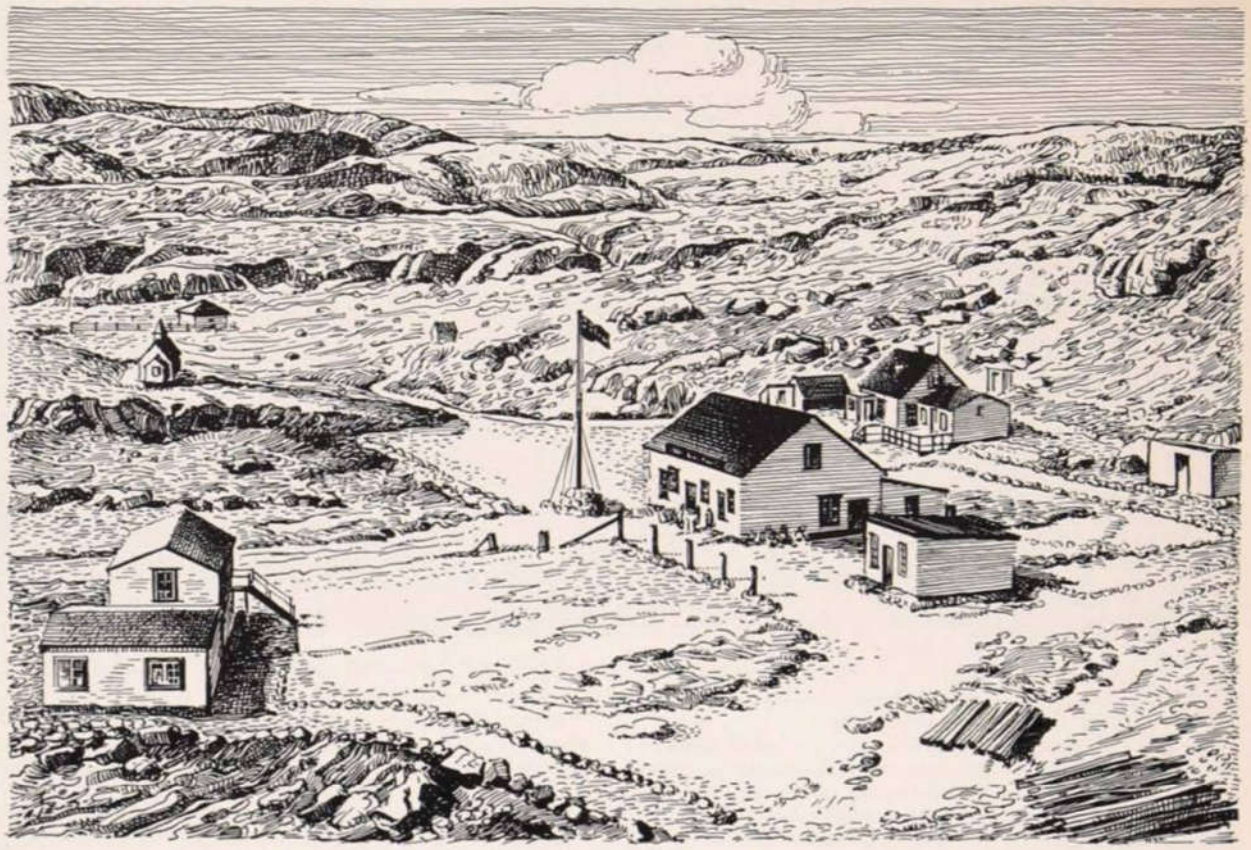
It is the hope of the proponents of the Quetico-Superior idea that every means would be taken to preserve the wilderness characteristics of the wilderness area, and that those who seek solitude within its depths would travel by the original primitive and silent method, the paddle canoe. Aeroplane low-altitude flights over the wilderness and landings in it, except for official purposes, would be stopped. This desirable elimination of private and commercial flying over, and landing in, wilderness areas has been made effective on the U.S. side of Quetico-Superior by an air space order recently signed by the president of the United States. This is believed to be the first restriction of such flying over a recreational area anywhere in the world. U.S. conservationists hail the order as a recognition of their ideals regarding wilderness areas, and a great victory over the opponents of the Quetico-Superior plan.

Under the proposed arrangement adequate roads would make accessible the zone set aside for the building of the different types of summer accommodation, but the ideal would be the avoidance of roads in the Ontario wilderness area proper, as is now the case in the Roadless Area on the United States side. Any roads required for the forest fire protection service in the wilderness would not be accessible for motor-car use to the public.

With proper access roads and better train service, development would likely proceed very rapidly, as was the case, for example, in the county of Haliburton following the building of Highway 35. Most readers will know of situations of this kind. It should be noted that persons from Canada as well as those from the United States would embark on the building of tourist accommodation, both commercial and private, with more sense of security if such a definite long-term plan were agreed on and protected, so to speak, by treaty agreement.

The objection that Canadians would get little out of the arrangement seems to be the principal one I have heard coming, presumably, from the public. A trivial one to the effect that Canadians would be establishing a rich man's paradise seems hardly worthy of notice, because ability to buy or hire a canoe and the necessary tent and blankets is the only pass-key any traveller needs when he arrives at the door to this beautiful country. Man has to eat wherever he is, and usually he can subsist more cheaply in the forest than outside it.

There has been the objection raised, of course, that a treaty would tie the hands of the Ontario Government in the reasonable exploitation of the area on the Canadian side. The answer to this objection has already been given. I would add a personal note as a forester who has watched for over thirty years the assault on Canada's forest, with fire, disease, and insect pest joining in the destruction, to the effect that I would welcome for at least one extensive area in Canada that has suffered its share the chance to recuperate and reach its highest degree of productivity under a long-term plan of rational forest and wildlife management. The opportunity is a great one; I hope we seize it.



**The Hudson's Bay post at Lake Harbour. Largest building is the store, and beyond that the Rosses' house. On the left is "the chapel that looked like a one-car garage with a steeple."**

# "HOME IS SOME TAFFY HAIR"

**by Arthur Pocock**

***Illustrated by Howard Evans***

**Condensed from Chapter 15 of *Red Flannels and Green Ice* by Arthur Pocock, published by Random House, Inc. with whose permission this condensation is reprinted.**

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*Arthur Pocock was on the Greenland Patrol of the U.S. Coast Guard during the war, and wrote a lighthearted book about his experiences there which won the Random House Servicemen's Prize Contest. This chapter, which opens with a typical "wisecrack," tells of his stay at Lake Harbour, which he found very different from every other place he had visited in the Eastern Arctic. Main reasons for this difference were Norman and Frances Ross who, like many another fur trader's family, had mastered "the art of gracious living in isolation."*

NORM Ross, the Hudson's Bay Company factor here, had been in the Arctic so long that the glare from a luminous watch dial gave him sunstroke. At least that's what Captain Hart said as he and I leaned over the port wing of the flying bridge and surveyed the water-beetle fleet of kayaks advancing toward the ship.

"You'll get a kick out of him. He's a close-knit, wiry, granite-hard, *Esquire*-trim man," he explained, and I suddenly realized who had borrowed the dog-eared copy of *Time* from my cabin, the one with the story about Rye-Krisp thin Barbara Hutton. "Manages the trading post here. He's been wandering around the Arctic for eighteen years."

"Tch, tch," I clucked sympathetically because sympathy was the only thing I was capable of feeling toward anyone who had been up north that long. "It got him, huh?"

We always clucked when we heard about men who succumbed to the fabled lure of the North. The first step in the process was a lust for adventure, the last, a family of half-breed children, the trip in between, a toboggan slide through a gantlet of broken whisky bottles and sloe-eyed women. I had never *seen* anybody who had really gone native up North, but Hollywood

had taken care of this gap in my education. Those Arctic movies with dog teams and everything were the only ones in which "mush" was a real word and not just a necking scene. So I knew just what to expect—steel-wool beard splashed with tobacco juice, squinty eyes, face like a potato that's been too long in the bin. He would probably laugh with a guffaw that rattled briefly around his home-made gold inlays and spewed forth in little ripples on his saucer of coffee. "I suppose he has an Eskimo wife," I concluded my reveries aloud to Captain Hart and headed below decks to pick up a plug of tobacco so I could at least offer this character a friendly chew.

"No, that's one thing he hasn't got," Captain Hart shouted after me.

When I returned to the bridge a strange man was up forward talking with Captain Howard and Captain Hart was climbing down from the bridge toward them. "Come on down and meet Norm Ross," he shouted at me and he loosened his hand from the ladder long enough to make a quick gesture toward the man up forward. I looked at the stranger for a minute and promptly decided to write a letter to Samuel Goldwyn.

People just didn't dress like that. At least civilians in the Arctic didn't. A tie was something people around the Arctic circle wore only if Army regulations said they had to. It had little utilitarian value other than creating a slight ring of warmth about the neck, a warmth which could be created more easily by mufflers. A suit coat, especially one made of fine English tweed, was another item commonly listed among impedimenta up north, nice looking and very trim but just not functional enough as protection against weather to be allowed a place in the Arctic wardrobe. If this was true of a suit coat it was doubly true of a topcoat just out of *Esquire*. Parkas had been designed for such winter protection. They were as Arctic as kayaks and equally as important to man's existence here. If you were going to wear all these other things you might as well add a vest since this admittedly kept in some of the body heat. Norm Ross had added the vest. To complete his impeccable attire a slate-gray, crushable felt hat hovered protectively above a set of finely chiseled features. The features and the clothing went together like champagne and caviar. The clothing and the environment were like pickles and milk.

By the time I reached the foot of the ladder I had rearranged my conception of Arctic traders enough to say, "How do you do" instead of "Put 'er there, pard'."

"We'll send you a gang of Eskimos to help unload the ship," the wearer of the felt hat told Captain Hart. The voice was serious and firm and pronounced words containing the letter S in a soft way that couldn't be characterized as a lisp but made me think, "If this fellow has a daughter she'll be a charmer as soon as she learns how to talk."

Norm Ross represented one-fourth of the male, white population of Lake Harbour. Beside him the Reverend Mr. Quartermain, a title usually reserved for men draped sedately in clerical vestments, brushed a Will Rogers lock of hair from his smooth forehead, returned his right hand to the pocket of his gray lumberjacket, and shyly eyed the Captain through owl-eyed, horn-rimmed glasses. The two mounties who represented the other half of Lake Harbour's manpower were up in Cumberland Sound laying in a winter's supply of walrus meat for their dogs. Also aboard were a couple of Army meteorologists and their beards. What deck space remained was taken up by grinning Eskimos.

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Greater Lake Harbour was subdivided into three distinct real-estate developments. Dominating the metropolitan area with a lavish waste of lumber was Norm Ross' trading post, a boxlike combination general store, warehouse, and Eskimo grange hall that shone milk-white under its tomato-colored roof. Behind it and a little to the left was the trim, white shack where Tommy, Norm's man Friday, enjoyed the unique Eskimo privilege of living in a "white man's igloo." At a respectable distance up the slope was the scrubbed white bungalow of Norm Ross. Beside it, tomatoes, cucumbers, and radishes struggled with a bed of marigolds for supremacy of a vest-pocket greenhouse that looked like a plexiglass pup tent, while a shivering bed of leaf lettuce grew in the lee of the heavily timbered house. A hop, skip and a jump beyond the trading post stood the home of the Anglican missionary, Rev. Quartermain, and a little beyond a chapel that looked like a one-car garage with a steeple. The pattern of trim homes lent a sense of design to a landscape which was otherwise crude and untamed.

Up on the hill lay suburban Lake Harbour, as G.I. looking as two Quonset huts can be. Two suits of long underwear and a sport shirt with "Waikiki Beach" written on the back flapped from the rope between the radio antenna poles. This was the weather station.

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We reached the outskirts, out of the high-rent district, and came upon a dozen canvas hovels that suggested an orchard overrun by tent caterpillars—the local casbah. With tourist curiosity I started toward the nearest tent. A wolfish dog rushed out and wrapped his bridgework around my right shoe. Nothing in that particular tent was of any further interest to me. As we passed by one of the tents four heads popped out of the flap, stacked one on top of the other like a totem pole.

I smiled and said, "*Aksunai*. Can we come in?"

They giggled and replied, "*Aksunai*."

Crouching down we crawled through the driftwood-framed doorway and emerged in a tiny cave which smelled of old sweat and new leather. A knee-high mud sleeping platform, late Queen Anne, occupied half the tent. A stool, Louis Quatorze, a sewing machine, late recent, a phonograph of the gramophone era, and a seal oil lamp, early pre-Edison, completed the furnishings. Unclassified items such as guns, tobacco, tea, knives, a pair of fleecelined panties, prescanties model, and a slightly used seal lay in disorder about the mud floor in space not occupied by the children. The children likewise lay in disorder about the floor in unconcerned deshabille.

As we were getting accustomed to the dim light, a woman entered with a tiny baby riding the rumble seat beneath her Mother Hubbard parka. Sheepishly she removed the baby from her parka and laid him on the sleeping platform with only a gentle pat on the buttocks as punishment for conduct which, if he had been wearing diapers, would have called for an immediate change. Then we all sat around and smiled at each each other and giggled. I felt very much like a tourist, a stupid feeling that made me understand why monkeys often throw things at people who stand outside their cages.

Norman Ross.

Suddenly the woman with the soggy parka and the face like a polished coffee bean burst into a grin that showed little brown kernels of worn teeth tucked in between red gums. The grin didn't need teeth. It was the kind that gets in the stomach and pulls. And she rushed over to the rusty gramophone, placed a record on the tiny turntable, and turned the speaker toward Kleespies and me. From the tired old megaphone which was laced together with caribou gut came a scratchy reproduction of one of the favorite songs of a well-known golfer. The woman lighted an antique ivory pipe, clasped her hands together on her breast, and listened quietly. In a face of tan wax only her eyes moved, glancing shyly toward us to make sure we enjoyed the music. When the last scratchy snowflake had fallen she lifted the needle and put it on the record again. Kleespies and I got up and quietly left, leaving the woman with the yellow pipe crouched by the phonograph, her hands clasped over her breast.

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By the time we returned to the ship neither Kleespies nor I felt the contrast between Lake Harbour and the other bases. "Well, we've seen it—so what," said Kleespies. He would have said the same thing about Grand Canyon. Yates had found a difference, though. He discovered a cove of rock with acoustics like the Hollywood Bowl and spent all the time between meals throwing his voice into the sounding board of the rocks. Then he would listen critically as the rocks threw it back in quartet.

It wasn't until the following night that the rest of us began to notice the difference. That was the night Norm Ross invited us to dinner. We felt kind of sorry for Norm. I mean, after all, he was way up here away from civilization. He was getting to the age where, if he had had the advantages of civilization, he could be looking forward to a nice nervous breakdown or heart trouble, or at least an ulcer. And here he was up here with nothing.

The Captain, Yates, Mr. Cockrell and I put on our dress blues for the first time since leaving Greenland and boarded the little gray launch. Ten minutes later Yates was knocking on the oaken door of the little white bungalow with the tomato-colored roof. "It was real nice of Ross to invite us to dinner," he said. "This morning I asked him if he wanted any frozen meat from our freezer and he said, 'No, thanks! Annie will take care of the meat. She's my Eskimo cook, you know. She really does quite well on broiled seal liver.' So I had a sandwich on board."

"You'd think a nice, intelligent fella like him would get married and settle down somewheres decent," opined Mr. Cockrell. Mr. Cockrell thought all intelligent young men should get married and settle down, an idea we couldn't figure out until one day he brought his nice wife aboard for lunch and we decided Mr. Cockrell was an intelligent man.

The Captain, who could take women or leave them, and whom I secretly suspected of doing both, ground a cigarette into the gravel with a twist of his pigeon toe. He quickly expelled a jet of smoke and was about to make a remark when the door opened quietly to the accompaniment of a velvet voice and Chanel No. 5.

"Do come in," said the cello-rich voice, and a woman opened the door a little wider until the mingled odors of savory food drifted out and twitched our noses.

For a moment we stood there in silent admiration. Here was the first white woman we had seen since leaving Greenland. She was the first un-uniformed woman we had seen since leaving the States.

"Do come in," the voice repeated. It didn't matter that the voice came out from under hair the color of spun taffy or that the eyes were cool blue like the core of an old iceberg. That is, it didn't matter to the Captain and Mr. Cockrell.

Quickly the Captain, who is a Dartmouth man, removed his hat and said, "Thank you, may we?" And Mr. Cockrell said, "Thank you, ma'm," because he is from the South. Bill Yates and I just stood there. For a brief moment Emily Post struggled with Freud. A moment, that was all. Yates recovered his composure first. He tucked his eyes back in their sockets and said, "Gee!"

By the time the Captain and Mr. Cockrell had gone in I was finding considerable comfort in adjusting my tie.

"Gee, she's a woman," remarked Yates as he tripped over the doorstep.

We followed them through a short hallway past the little cove on the right with the tiny coal furnace and into the low-ceilinged living room. "Gentlemen, may I present my wife?" said a man behind her who looked like a Calvert's ad, "and this is Billy." He pointed to a little tow-headed toddler who had appeared from behind the sofa and was now clinging unsteadily to Mrs. Ross' gown.

"Norm, you fix up the cocktails and I'll go out and see how Annie's coming with the dinner. No, won't you sit over here, Captain Howard? That chair's rather uncomfortable."

The room in which we were now sitting was quite like any room in any house back home. Maybe the slightly lower ceiling ribbed with oak beams gave it the aspect of compact security. Or maybe it was the solid feeling I got as I walked across the firm floor. Perhaps it was a bit freer of city soot above the smudge line but below that line Billy had left just enough fingerprints to make it a home. The wall behind me was lined with books by Arctic explorers

and in a little room beyond the bookcases was a roll-top desk with assorted ivory knick-knacks. On the polished end table by the sofa was a delicately carved ivory cribbage board and over in the far corner, behind a shaggy, overstuffed chair, stood a melodeon whose yellowed ivory keys and worn foot treadle betrayed its antiquity. On the opposite side of the living room a door led to a chintz-curtained bedroom and a shaggy, tan carpet, the kind made for bare feet and cold nights. And through an alcove to the right was a walnut dining table whose lace tablecloth was rapidly being obscured by steaming plates of food that didn't smell like walrus blubber. From the kitchen came the sound of shuffling, moccasined feet, and now and then a few words of a language I couldn't understand.

I now understood what was behind the cleanshaven face and impeccable attire of Norm Ross. Here was an oasis of gracious living in a land where living and existing are generally considered synonymous. The house was no longer a shelter, it was a fortress, as solid as if carved from a single oaken block. It was a symbol of man's triumph over nature.

"If you gentlemen are through with your drinks, dinner is ready," the woman in the graceful gown announced.

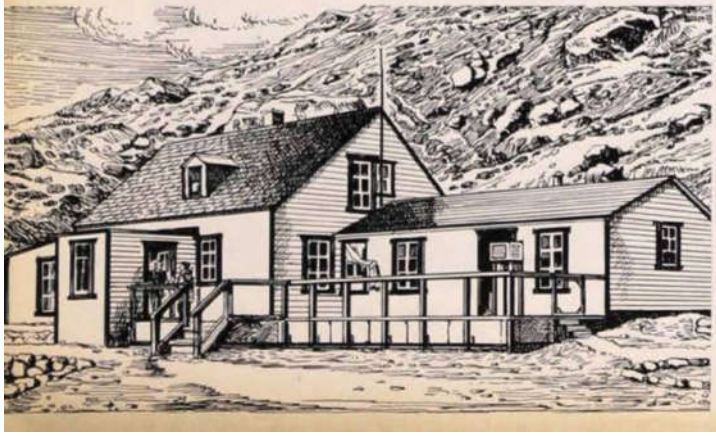
The meal was served by a shyly giggling Eskimo girl who wore her cotton print dress daintily draped over a pair of long sealskin pants.

"No, Annie, we'll have the small spoons with our fruit. The large ones are for soup only," Mrs. Ross corrected good-naturedly. Norm Ross translated his wife's words into Eskimo for the cook. She disappeared momentarily into the kitchen and returned with spoons whose cleanly polished handles bore a simple scrolled R. Mrs. Ross explained how she insisted that Annie wear a dress for company and Annie insisted that it would be incorrect if she did not wear sealskin pants. "Norm, we must teach her to wear a dress correctly."

"Or else she'll have to teach you to like her sealskin pants," Mr. Ross replied as he sliced the red ham with the sugar-brown crust all stubbly with cloves.

All through the meal I had the feeling that it had all happened before, some time very long ago, very far away. Only the meal was not served by a shuffling Eskimo and there were a few more wrinkles in the brow of the woman at that other table, the woman with the gently swirled cowlick over the right eyebrow. That cowlick, which was indirectly responsible for my own lavish use of brilliantine in high school, was now flecked with gray. That woman called the man across the table "Pop" instead of Norm. But these differences didn't matter because the difference was between the cold land and the warm home.

**The Rosses' home.**



So that when the woman said, "Goodness, we've scarcely touched this ham. Won't you have some more?" I didn't even demur the way you have to at dinners that are social functions and go by the Marquis of Queensbury rules. I just passed my plate.

And after the meal, which was a triumph of woman over tin can, spoons dropped from nerveless fingers and four stomachs walked into the living room closely followed by their respective owners. It is deplorable that the Eskimo custom of belching blatantly, their way of saying, "That was a delicious meal," is taboo among cultured people. We said, "That was a delicious meal," and belched, but with finesse, the way Mother would have preferred.

And after Norm had seen that we were all sprawled out gracefully on overstuffed chairs he excused himself to make his nightly radio contact while we sat around and talked. We talked of little things the way people do when the things they say aren't half as important as the things they feel. I guess that was when I first felt the contrast between Lake Harbour and the other bases we had visited. At Chimo and Crystal Two we had been tourists in a strange land. The men we associated with were others, like ourselves, visitors in an unfriendly land. They were visitors who, for the most part, were determined not to like this land because it had been forced upon them. The Army could make them go there, but it couldn't make them like it. Here we were not tourists. A tourist sees things with his eyes, hears things with his ears, touches things with his hands. When he begins to feel the pulse of a country with his heart he is no longer a tourist. Norm Ross had placed our hands on the pulse of Baffin Land. He was the very breath of the Arctic, a man who had seen things and lived adventures but didn't know it.

Why had he come—adventure? No, just a job, a young Scotsman leaving Glasgow for a job in Canada. That job was with a firm whose history is the saga of the Arctic, the Hudson's Bay Company, "a band of gentlemen adventurers," economic dictators of the Canadian Arctic since 1670. Norm Ross was a gentleman adventurer, twentieth-century version. For eighteen years he had wandered around the deep-freeze section of Canada, three years at one trading post, three years at another. His job? Well, for one thing, he ran a store that sold everything from sun goggles and cologne to jew's harps and blubber lamps. Arctic foxes were the currency. He was also a doctor, at least as much of a doctor as sulfa drugs, iodine, and a sterile knife could make him.

During these adventurous years he had become a master of the art of gracious living in isolation. His job demanded a mastery of the difficult Eskimo language and an intuitive understanding of the more difficult Eskimo mind. It also demanded constant struggle with the sluggishness that crept in with the long, lonely nights.

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His was a sterile world, no white men, no sun, no subways. His luxuries were as plain as a bottle of port and a piece of fresh meat. Why had he chosen it? Well, it was an easy life. He arose when he wanted to. He fished and hunted. His working hours were as flexible as the whims of the Eskimos who traded at his store. He was his own boss under the aegis of the great Hudson's Bay Company. Here in the Arctic vastness of Baffin Island he was king of all he surveyed.

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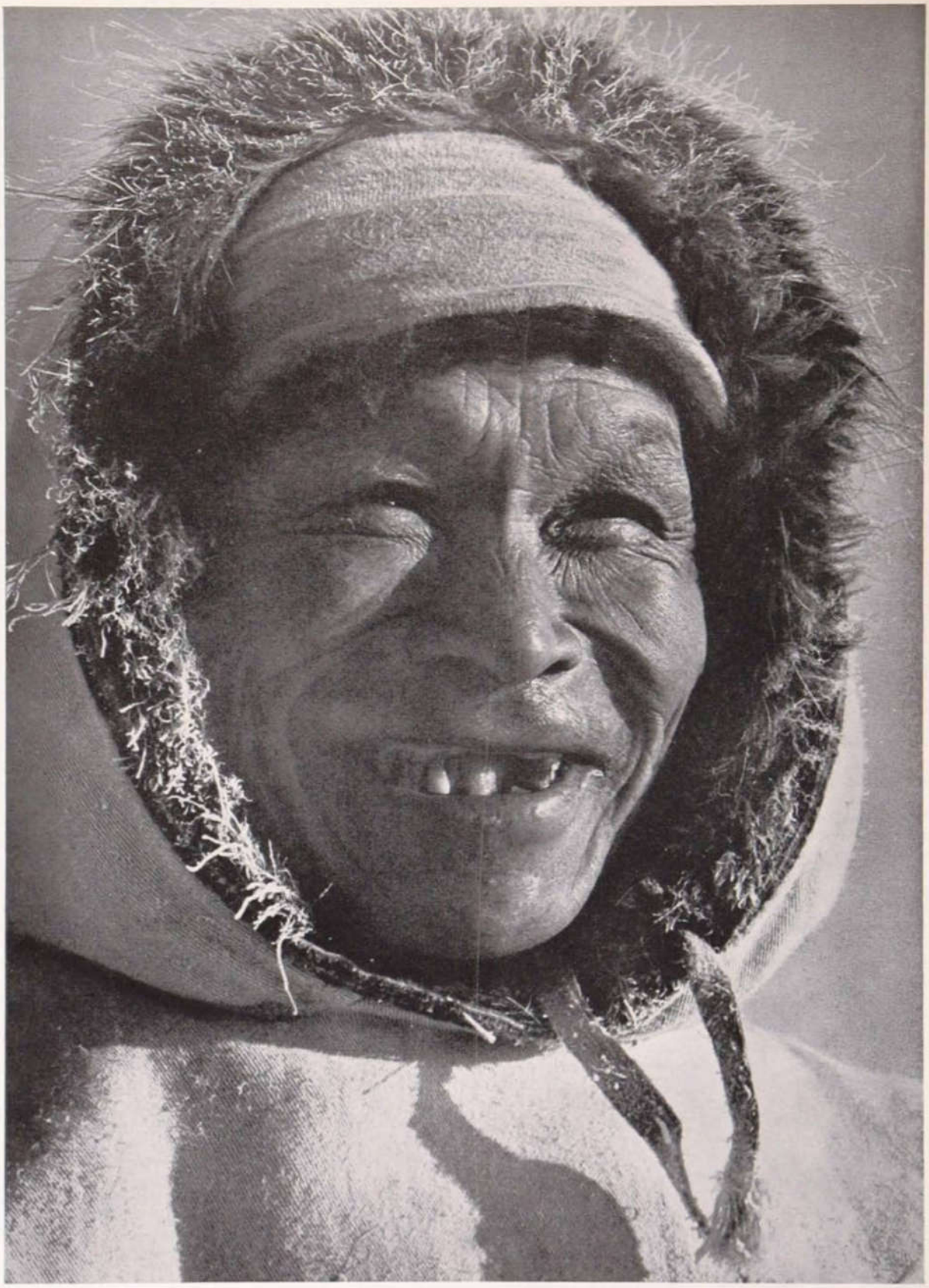


Three generations: Grandfather Ningeuk (opposite)—the resourceful and dependable Eskimo at his best; his daughter, and her baby looking out from the hood of its mother's artiggi.

# People of the Snows

## Eskimos of Port Harrison, Hudson Bay

*Photographed by Richard Harrington*

Brushing off the ice skylight of an igloo. The block of snow on the right is a chimney, while that on the left throws reflected sunlight through the window, which faces north.

Trading across the counter of the Hudson's Bay store. The aluminum discs, in denominations of 5, 10, 25, 50, and 100, teach the natives to count. They are given in exchange for furs, and the Eskimos then give them back in exchange for goods. On the right is Ningeuk's son.

Opposite—Johnny POV, post servant from Povungnetuk, in his fine deerskin koolitak.

A couple of baby-sitters gossip on a snow bank. The outline of one sitting baby can be seen filling out the bag at the back of the nearer girl's artiggi. The floppy part above that is the hood.

# EXPLORING THE KAZAN

by Thierry Mallet

Rapids on the Kazan River.

All photos by the author.

OVER twenty years ago very few white men seemed to know the Kazan River. I had heard that its source was in the region of Nueltin Lake and that it flowed north, into Baker Lake, near Chesterfield Inlet. An old Chipewyan Indian, Casimir, whom I had met at Brochet on Reindeer Lake, had seen the upper part of the river. He had told us then that there were many rapids and many large lakes. He had also described the herds of caribou, plodding on their way, north or south, through the Barren Lands.

For several years I had wished to go to Baker Lake by land. Eventually I was able to take five months away from my office, to attempt to make the trip. While I have mislaid or completely lost the diary which I kept, day by day, during the entire voyage, certain details have remained very clear in my mind; and although some of the locations are blurred in my memory, I can still recollect vividly certain lakes, whose names appear now on maps of the Northwest Territories.

We left Le Pas early in May 1926 in a nineteen-foot canoe. We had an outboard motor, with sufficient gas to reach Brochet. The winter before, I had been able to have some additional fuel cached somewhere north of that trading station. My party consisted of my northern friend, Del Simons, who was one of the best white men I knew when it came to travel in the North, and two Cree Indians. Peter Linklater from Cumberland House was one of them.

Our trip from Le Pas to Brochet was uneventful. The weather was quite cool but we made good time with the little engine, although we were bothered by ice on some of the lakes, especially near Pelican Narrows and some parts of Reindeer Lake. As far as I can remember, we must have left Brochet for the real North, as we called it, in the first days of June. We had enough gas to reach our cache and ended by finding the Kazan River, greatly helped by a crude map which Casimir, or one of his gang, had left for us to pick up at Brochet.

The source of the Kazan River is Kasba Lake, at that time the limit of the Chipewyan's hunting grounds. We met there a few hunters, who told us that we would find a well known Eskimo called Kakoot somewhere down river, probably between Ennadai Lake and Angikuni Lake. Del Simons had met the man once, in winter, some years before. The Indians, who had also seen him quite lately, had told him of our probable arrival and seemed certain that he would be watching for us.

From the very beginning, we found the Kazan broader than we had expected and quite swift from the start. We stopped using our outboard motor so as to save our remaining gas, in case we were unable to reach the mouth of the river and had to return by the same route.

We had not paddled two miles down stream, when we saw a solitary caribou, standing motionless on the right bank, staring intently at the head of a rapid which we could plainly hear half a mile away. We needed the meat but we had to get much nearer before I could shoot with any chance of success. We floated down the river, hugging the bank, as far as we dared. Then, I landed, and stalking the animal from inland, I managed to get quite close and kill it with my first bullet. When I reached the dead buck, I saw the rapid. It was over a mile long and quite rough. The caribou must have been lost and had reached the river to cross it right where the Kazan hurled itself between two rocky cliffs in one huge torrent, a solid smooth column of steely grey water, which finally plunged over a five-foot fall. Further down, the cliffs disappeared and the river flowed north in one continuous rapid, white with foam, until at the end of that vicious looking straight line of waves the bed of the Kazan broadened again to allow it to resume it's swift unbroken course.

After cutting up the caribou, we portaged the rapid from the left bank, having paddled over to what appeared to us easier going. There was no trail. We had to send an Indian ahead to pick out the best way.

When we started down river again, we could hear the roar of that rapid for a long time. The whole country seemed to be bathed in grey. While it was quiet enough on the surface of the water, when we looked back we could see the mist of the fall rising up in the air in a straight column until the eternal wind of the Barren Lands caught it and swept it away like a wisp of white fog.

Later on during our journey, we found an extraordinary similarity in all the rapids we encountered. Very few can be run in safety. They all seem to start between two walls of rock. Between rapids the current is quite swift but the surface of the water is smooth without whirlpools or waves. In those stretches, four paddlers can make remarkable time. But the portages are fairly long and arduous because of the climbing and the lack of trails.

The country itself is savage and rocky. Now and then we saw dwarfed spruce two feet high, and small Arctic willows nestling in some hollow. Everywhere small lakes, with no apparent outlet, and gaunt bare hills still covered with patches of snow. No sign of wild flowers or grass. But everywhere boulders of all sizes and descriptions, and between them the grey moss on which caribou feed. Except for the varied shapes of the hills, the whole country, in its wild beauty, is monotonous in the extreme.

I do not remember now how far we had travelled when we distinctly heard, ahead of us, the crack of several rifles. A little later on we saw three men, mere dots, perched on a rock that stuck out of a great slope reaching up to a stony ledge. It was Kakoot, one of his sons and a friend. They had been watching the river for days, and they were welcoming us by wasting a lot of ammunition, shooting their rifles in the air.

We soon found the camp, which was much higher up stream than we expected. There were half-a-dozen skin tents on the edge of the river, five hundred yards or so from Ennadai Lake. When we got out of our canoe, we felt an icy breeze on our cheeks. It was the breath of the lake, still frozen hard.

We made our camp somewhat at a distance from Kakoot's location, which was filthy. He had wintered there, and all the refuse which his family had thrown out in the snow was now in the open, as the dogs, well fed that year, had not acted as scavengers. In certain places the stench was over-powering.

We found Kakoot in a great state of excitement at our appearance, but any conversation was rather difficult. He knew about twenty-five words of English and Del, half that number in Eskimo. We had of course to meet every one in the camp. Three times I shook hands with a different woman whom Kakoot introduced by the single word "wife." I came to the conclusion that the old rascal had really three wives —an old one, a middle aged one, and a young bride who was very distinctive from the others in her dress covered with beads, her swallow tail coat and her metal jewelry.

We remained there several days, during which Del and Kakoot tried to discuss the possibility of going ahead with the trip without delay. The Eskimo seemed to understand where we wanted to go. I heard later, by the way, that he had been once to Baker Lake. He also appeared to be very willing to go with us. But he showed us very plainly that we had several lakes to cross. He drew three or four maps on paper we gave him, making circles on certain parts of the line which obviously was meant to be the Kazan River. Those circles were of different sizes. The little ones he waved off with a gesture of the hand when we pointed them out to him. But there were three large circles, beginning by Ennadai Lake which was in sight of us and appeared frozen solid. In that case the two other circles, one much larger than the rest, meant other lakes which, being further north, were certain to be ice-bound too. When we made motions as if paddling through the ice floes, our future guide shook his mane of hair, laughed and made signs to show that the surface of each lake was absolutely solid.

We really did not know what to do, when one evening there came a sudden storm which lasted all night, the wind reaching gale force. The next morning, we found the ice had cracked on the lake everywhere. Large lanes of water stretched away as far as the eye could see. We took a chance and paddled off. It was a heart-breaking journey, but we finally made it, although we had to unload the canoe countless times to drag it on the ice to the next clear water. Everyone was dead beat when we made camp. We had passed a sleepless night the night before, trying to prevent our two tents being blown away in the storm, and the crossing of the lake, even with five men to help one another, was an ordeal in itself.

The next day, as far as I can remember, we had long hours of paddling down stream with a strong current to help us on. During that day, Kakoot pointed to a small island covered with birds—shelldrakes, gulls and duck of several varieties. We landed and gathered eggs by the handful. I was careful to test each egg in a pail of water, keeping only the ones that rested flat at the bottom. But Kakoot, who was also wise, chose only the ones floating on the surface. To see him fish out the chicks with his knife and swallow them whole like oysters was rather disturbing; but we soon got used to the sight.

The following morning, we made a fire around noon, and lost half a day watching the most stupendous sight of wild game in North America since the days of the buffalo. On the other side of the river from where we were, the country rose gently and extended for miles, rolling away from us in a desert of grey moss. The Indian, Peter Linklater, who had eyes like a hawk, suddenly gave a yell, pointing towards the horizon. We all looked up and saw what seemed to be a light yellow ribbon undulating like a huge caterpillar in our direction. At first, I couldn't understand what it was. Then the yellow streak widened and grew in a patch which we saw covered several acres. Finally, I realized what I was looking at. It was a great herd of caribou in full migration.

On and on, without hesitation, without a pause, the multitude advanced slowly straight for the river, on the banks of which we happened to be. While the horde of animals, at times, seemed to stretch it's flanks to the right and left, the head remained thin and pointed, plainly aiming at the river near the spot where we crouched watching.

Finally the head reached the Kazan, led by an old white doe, walking a few yards in front of a group of full-grown bucks. The multitude stopped as soon as the leaders did, right on the bank. There was a pause for several minutes. Bucks, does, yearlings and fawns, heads up, motionless, stared at the fast flowing water. Finally the advance guard moved down the bank and unhesitatingly plunged into the river, swimming

straight for a little cove, close to where we were. Instantly, the whole herd moved down the bank also, the animals pouring into the water with a roar of clattering hoofs and rolling stones. In their fierce struggle against the current, each caribou was surrounded with foam. One had the impression that nothing could stop them, nothing could make them swerve. As soon as the deer landed on our side, they raced up the bank, making way for the next ones behind them. The first animals must have seen us while swimming the last few yards, but they never changed their direction until they touched bottom. Then they scattered slightly on either side of our group. The others followed suit, and for perhaps half an hour we were surrounded by a sea of caribou galloping madly inland. Finally the last one passed us, and in a few seconds silence reigned supreme again, while the Barren Lands resumed their aspect of utter desolation.

A few days later we reached Angikuni Lake. While this body of water stretches approximately from east to west, there are quite a few bays which we found clear of ice. We proceeded through them, in a roundabout way, until we reached the main part of the lake. The ice was receding from the shores. We managed to squeeze our canoe through, hugging the land, but we had to camp twice before we reached the river again. The ice was jammed at the outlet in a great solid barrier. We were obliged to portage the last two hundred yards before we were able to shoot down the clear water of the Kazan, hoping that the ice behind us would not give way for some time and attempt to convey us down stream.

We found several rapids which we did not dare to run. During one of these portages, we saw a solitary musk ox, standing half way up a slope. His rump was higher than his head, and he seemed to be staring into space, motionless, forlorn in his solitude. The wind was favourable. I stalked him easily, for the ground was full of big boulders. I got quite close to him. I had my rifle. I knew my men would have liked the meat for a change, although we had all the caribou we needed for several days. But for some reason or other, I did not have the heart to slaughter that poor animal, alone of its kind in that region; probably the most southern musk ox in the whole of Canada. I stepped out of hiding, holding my rifle at the ready, and yelled as hard as I could. The first reaction of the old bull was to face me and lower his head, just like a cow facing unexpectedly a dog in a field. Then he turned swiftly and raced up the slope like a mountain goat. It was amazing to see how that heavy ungainly animal could gallop and climb. In a few seconds he vanished out of sight over the crest of the hill. Although I followed him up, I was never able to catch sight of him again.

Each night in camp, Del Simons would make Kakoot draw more maps of the land ahead of us. Each time the Eskimo showed a very large lake. Then, further north, a fairly short length of river. Finally, Baker Lake. We knew it was Baker Lake because he drew a shack with a small chimney stack belching clouds of smoke.

At that stage of the game, both Del and I came to the conclusion that we were about eight days from our destination, providing we could cross that lake. All the maps I had seen of that part of Canada did not show any lake there, although Ennadai and Angikuni were vaguely outlined. We asked for the name quite often, and each time Kakoot answered the same way. It sounded like Heekwa-Leekwa. We decided to keep two weeks' grub and cache the rest, including the motor and the gas. We knew that we could re-outfit at Baker Lake, if we ever reached it.

Two or three days later, we did reach a lake, and we had to admit that Kakoot was right. It was a whale of a lake, twenty miles or so wide to where our guide pointed as the location we had to reach to find the Kazan again. In length, from east to west, I do not know. The river seemed to flow into the lake at it's center.

The fast water of the Kazan had formed a huge pool in the ice of the lake itself. We paddled our way in, first east, then west, until we reached the ice, which we followed until we hit the land, where it was locked absolutely solidly above the shore line. There was no hope of squeezing our way between shore and ice, as we had done on Angikuni.

To be certain, Del and I walked inland and climbed a very high rocky hill. From the summit, with my glasses, we had a perfect view of the shore line. It was frozen hard. No sign of water anywhere. Although it was then the middle of July, at a glance we knew that nothing but another gale would break up that huge sheet of ice. We decided to re-enter the river a little way, camp and wait.

The weather remained beautiful during the three days and three nights we watched for a change of conditions. There was hardly a puff of wind to sweep away the smoke of our small fire. The thought of our dwindling stock of food began to haunt us. Our caribou meat was gone. Our flour, tea, sugar, lard and beans were very low. I tried to hunt, but there wasn't a deer in sight. I managed to kill a few partridges with a shotgun, but they were very scarce and I had

Kakoot's No. 3 wife—the favorite.

Kakoot, wife No. 2 and the author.

to walk miles to find them. For some unknown reason, although we had a net down at all times, we couldn't get a fish, either in the river or in the pool of clear water in the lake. Finally, we had to give it up. Heekwa-Leekwa had us licked. We decided to turn back.

It was only after we had returned that we discovered "Heekwa-Leekwa" was Kakoot's name for Yathkyed Lake. Yathkyed is the Chipewyan name, used by the map makers. *Heeko-leeg-juak*—Big Solid Ice Lake—is the Padlemuit name, used by the natives of that country, and a very suitable one it is.

When Kakoot found out that we were returning, he told us that he would walk home. He knew the country like a book, and showed us, by a drawing, that he would cut across country while we followed the windings of the river. Furthermore, even with the outboard motor, we would have to contend with the current, in addition to all the portages. So off he went merrily, like a homing pigeon, while we struggled on our way back up stream.

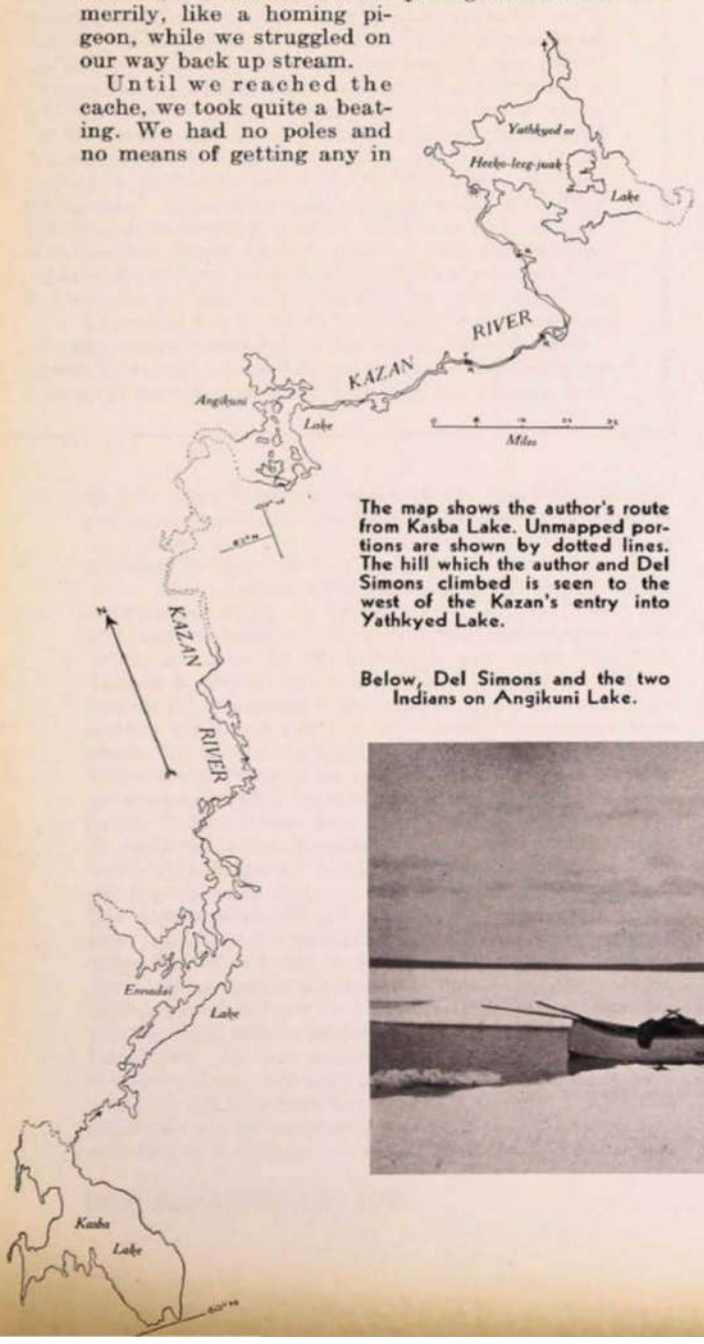
Until we reached the cache, we took quite a beating. We had no poles and no means of getting any in those Barren Lands. For long stretches it was not possible to have the two Indians haul the canoe with a tow rope from the shore. The last four days were particularly grim. We had nothing left to eat. We had to rely on the few fish we caught, in our net in the middle of the night. Those fish we boiled and had to eat "as is," without even salt. We had no more tea. We drank tepid water from the kettle or cold water from the river. We were all pretty weak when we reached the cache. We camped, there and then, and had a hearty meal. I do not remember enjoying any food as much in my whole life.

That night I woke up after sleeping five hours or so. I walked out of my tent. The Northern Lights were dazzling. It was so clear that one could see right across the river. I had not been out more than a few minutes, watching the steely waters of the Kazan sliding by, when something on the other bank caught my eye. It was a big timber wolf. He walked slowly to the edge of the river, then jumped on a flat rock, facing squarely in my direction. A few seconds later, he lifted his head, muzzle pointing straight to the stars, and started to howl. First a deep low howl coming from far down in his throat, then rising and rising until it reached a shrill, haunting note ending abruptly in a short, sharp whimper. Twice again, without moving, he sent out that long, nerve-wracking call.

I couldn't stand it any more. I stepped into my tent, a few feet away, seized my rifle and, aiming quickly at the dim grey shadow on the rock, pressed the trigger. While the report tore the air, echoing through the hills, I heard the bullet hit the rock and whine its way into the night. At the same instant the lone wolf flung himself backward over the boulder, disappearing like a ghost, without making a sound.

A few days later we reached Kakoot's camp. He had been there quite some time. We did not tarry long. From there on, it was a tedious journey, but Del had the engine running well and we had enough gas to reach the trees.

My last recollection of the Barren Lands was the sight of four human figures standing motionless a mile or so away, on the extreme southern point of a rocky ridge, silhouetted in black against the crimson of the setting sun. Who were those men? I don't know. Probably the last Eskimos of the Barren Lands, watching us go south toward the unknown country of plenty, where lives the White Man.




The map shows the author's route from Kasba Lake. Unmapped portions are shown by dotted lines. The hill which the author and Del Simons climbed is seen to the west of the Kazan's entry into Yathkyed Lake.

Below, Del Simons and the two Indians on Angikuni Lake.

# 3000 MILES

***The tale of a missionary journey made by the late Canon Turner, which was "almost certainly the best ever made with dogs north of the Arctic Circle."***

**Surprisingly enough, in this age of airplanes and almost universally easy and swift travel, here is a tale of a comparatively recent sled journey, and possibly one of the most epic such journeys of all time. It is the tale of a missionary's almost single-handed effort to bring the teachings of his church to all the Eskimos of the North Magnetic Pole area, which led him over more than three thousand miles of ice fields, over bleak, barren, rock strewn lands and through difficult mountain passes. Much of this was done in darkness or semi-darkness, in the face of blizzards, well-below-zero temperatures, with high head winds, deep soft snow, formidable stretches of fearfully broken, jagged and wellnigh impassable ice; pressure ridges, great tidal cracks and moving ice sheets, deceptive rubber ice, hunger and sickness, and finally the loss by disease of most of his sled dogs. Yet he never faltered.**

**Imagine the physical and mental weariness you would experience, no matter how young and tough and strong, at the end of nearly three thousand**

THE remarkable journey which Mr. Learmonth refers to here was made by Canon John H. Turner during a round of visits to his parishioners, and covered more than three thousand miles, commencing from Moffet Inlet on October 31, 1938, and ending there on May 17, 1939. During these seven months many journeys of extreme hardship were undertaken, often alone and in spite of the most unfavourable Arctic conditions, with rheumatism and toothache recurring and adding to his discomfort.

The first part of the journey was made overland to Pond Inlet, and the Canon took with him an Eskimo lad named Inok who was handed over to Rev. Maurice Flint to be taken to Pangnirtung to see the doctor. Another Eskimo boy named Samuel also accompanied him as a helper, and after a very laborious journey through soft snow, rocks and ice, Pond Inlet was reached on November 10.

On arrival there he learned that he should have been presented with the Coronation Medal the previous summer at Arctic Bay, but the plans miscarried and he received it by registered mail. The remark in his diary is, "I was thankful I missed the ship on this account." The time during his visit to Pond Inlet was spent dealing with mail, visits to H B C and police, instructing Mr. Flint in the language, services and parochial duties, making dog's harness and packing and preparing for the journey ahead.

On Nov. 24 he set off again, accompanied by Samuel, for Arctic Bay via Navy Board Inlet, Lancaster Sound and Admiralty Inlet. The route usually presents difficulties from rough ice and soft snow, and this occasion was no exception. The sled was continually being upset, and in some places the ice barriers were so great as to be impassable with a loaded sled. Then the load was removed and carried over the barriers, similarly the sled, and reloaded on the other side. Such obstacles delayed progress so much that at times more than half a day was necessary to cover less than a few hundred yards, whilst the exertion soaked the traveller's clothes with perspiration, which upon resting cooled off and chilled him to the bone. Canon Turner states that these distressing symptoms are not shared by the Eskimo, who have no doubt been adapted by nature to withstand the rigours of their native climate. For him, however, the result was that after about three hours' sleep he would wake and his uncomfortable condition and rheumatic pains prevented him sleeping again. Then when it was possible to get the tent warm and clothes dry, the tiredness of exhaustion overcame him until his body had regained its needed rest.

On December 8 and 9, with poor travelling and sleeping conditions, he slept only three hours each night, and on Dec. 10 he wrote in his diary: "Turned in 10.20 p.m., awakened by violent wind at 1.10 a.m. Get up, dress and have hurried meal and pack up as tent is in danger from violent gusts. A certain amount of light from invisible moon, get off at 5.20 a.m. Move slowly through soft snow, short patch of hard snow and dogs run, but get rough ice later. Tip sled over in bad light at 9.30 a.m., so put up tent and get a meal. Have one hour's rest. Start off again at 1.15 p.m. Weather clear now but stiff steady head wind. Still very slow going till we pass middle of Baillarge Inlet (Rasmussen's map), then snow better and we find tracks, go on till 5 p.m. then camp. Use tent, dry it with primus first as it is frozen solid. Very hot in house[1]. Tired, dogs fed well, less wind tonight. House small and stuffy, slept on till 2 p.m. though fitfully. High praise for Samuel, excellent travelling companion."

A typical day for this part of the trip is thus described by the Canon in his letter home:

"Dec. 11th. Up at 6 a.m. At the start the weather was rather thick but the ice for a mile or two was smooth. After that we came to some nasty rough ice which delayed us a little. We got through that all right and then had a little run of smooth with several sled tracks to follow. This did not last long and we were in rough ice again which continued till dark. After dark we came to some very heavy stuff and I lit the lantern to pick out the way. I found a possible way through to better ice and sent Samuel ahead with the lantern while I followed with the sled. It was hard work but we moved along slowly. Then just before we got to better going Samuel got off the right track and led us to a barrier before he found out his mistake. We were then in a fix. To go back was practically impossible so we tried to get over the barrier. These few yards took us about three hours. Between 5 p.m. and 11 p.m., I do not think we covered a mile. Eventually I took some of the load off the sled and so we got over. There was a very cold wind with drift but one was perspiring too much to notice the cold. I was very thirsty however and lit the lamp in a box and got a drink of water and made Samuel a hot drink. We were anxious to reach a camp in the

# BY DOG SLED

**Written from his diaries and letters by his brother Edward, with an introduction and notes by L. A. Learmonth.**

miles of such struggle. And then imagine what it must have been like to lose all but two of your team of faithful dogs. Would you not have turned back to comfortable Fort Ross only sixty miles distant and waited there the arrival of the *Nascopie*? Not so Canon Turner. He merely abandoned his sled and load, wrapped the barest necessities in his polar sleeping mat, hitched his two remaining dogs to the bundle, and continued on his way to Arctic Bay in North Baffin Land across the moving ice of Prince Regent Inlet, then badly cut up with huge open water leads!

Turner's trip was almost certainly the best ever made with dogs north of the Arctic Circle. Rasmussen, Scott, Peary, Amundsen, Shackleton or Stefansson, to mention only a few of the more famous modern Arctic and Antarctic explorers, couldn't have bettered it, nor could the tough and capable men of the famous R.C.M. Police patrols, or other missionaries or explorers. Yes, and it's a tale such as only Canada's Arctic can tell.—*L.A.L.*

mouth of Strathcona Sound, so we reloaded and went on. There were tracks but they were snowed over in places and difficult to follow so we had to keep stopping to hunt for them. Then to add to our troubles the lamp blew out and the only matches I could find were wet. After trying to strike numerous wet matches and getting one's hands nearly frozen in the process I discovered a box of dry ones. Later the tracks were plainer and the going quite good so we moved along steadily till about 2 a.m. when we reached the place where there is usually a camp but there was not a soul in sight, so rather disappointed we put up our tent. It was very clear and cold but we were too tired to bother to build a snow house. It was 5 a.m. when we turned in and we were up again at 10 a.m. and went on to Arctic Bay, arriving about 8 p.m. Dec. 13.

"Mr. and Mrs. Scott [Alan Scott, H B C manager], gave me a very warm welcome. They were pleased to get the mail etc. I brought from Ponds Inlet. Here my tent, clothes, and bedding were dried, sledge (damaged in rough ice) repaired and relashed. One hour and a half after arrival we held a service for the Eskimo and turned in after a bath at 4 a.m. On Dec. 17th we departed for Repulse with mail and arrived at Moffet Inlet on Dec. 20th."

From Dec. 21 to 27 the Canon carried out a complete overhaul of sledge and gear, collected dog food and prepared for the trip, wrote urgent letters, held services for Eskimo, washed and repaired clothes, prepared beans and baked buns for the journey. On Dec. 28 he departed with Samuel and Alooloo for Repulse Bay.

By 3.30 p.m. on Saturday, January 14, Igloolik was reached and services were held that evening and on Sunday which were well attended and eagerly received. Monday was spent obtaining and preparing dog food and a start was made again on Tuesday, but many halts were made to visit sick Eskimos, hold services and extract teeth. On the 19th, they met P. D. Baird and G. W. Rowley bound from Repulse to Igloolik with their three natives, Kanaitseak, Sabangakjuk and Kutserk. Mr. Baird had been to Repulse to send out news of the tragic death of Mr. Bray, ornithologist, drowned while getting ashore from a motor boat, and was returning to his base at Igloolik, accompanied by Mr. Rowley. "Their dogs had not been fed for several days so we all camped together and fed eight sacks of food to our combined seven teams. But as the teams averaged sixteen dogs each this was not a good feed and the dogs frequently raided the store." Meanwhile arrangements were made to send more dog food and the party stopped while food was brought up. "On our sledge we had 500-600 lbs. of dog meat beside our other load and our three selves, before we took on our extra dog food. When we took this on we were much more heavily loaded. Our companion Munnik was heavily loaded with dog food only. The walrus meat around these parts is always made up into large hams weighing anything up to 200 lbs. The meat is sewn up in the hide after the bones are removed."

Canon Turner's outstanding success as an Arctic traveller is in no small measure due to his love and untiring devotion to his dogs. He recognized the Eskimo dogs as the hardiest creatures on God's earth and he never tired of sounding their praises. His dogs were always faithful and loyal to him, and his keenest regret, when they were stricken with some dread disease, was that the only reward he could give for their long and faithful service consisted of a bullet in the brain to ease their misery.

There were no Eskimos along Foxe Channel coast, so it was decided to take the more direct route overland from Ooshooakjuk to the head of Lyon Inlet, where the Eskimo were collected. This was accomplished with some difficulty due to soft snow, extreme cold and head winds resulting in all the party suffering from frozen faces several days in succession. They reached Kikertokjuak on Feb. 4. Here teeth were extracted for various natives and services held. They then continued their journey and arrived two days later at Repulse Bay.

Mr. Crawford, the new post manager, with his wife and assistant Henry Voisey invited the Canon to stay in the house, where extra luxuries as compared with a snow house were available.

On reaching the sea ice in Lyon Inlet, Canon Turner felt guided not to return the way he had come, although he had cached food en route for the return trip, and had no food at all for any other route. He therefore arranged for Munnik and Alooloo to return home, as they were not prepared to go with him, and Samuel accompanied them, leaving Canon Turner alone. Of their departure he writes, "I must admit that it was with rather a heavy heart I watched their sledge growing smaller and smaller in the distance."

Extract from diary dated Feb. 19, 1939: "Repulse Bay near floe edge. I think I should put this one down

**Canon Turner's dog sled passing a curious rock formation met with on the journey.**

as the most difficult week I have ever experienced. A native borrowed my dogs to fetch his boat, but the dogs ran away and when recaptured they had eaten all their harness. The weather was very bad at first and hunting impossible. Next day the weather improved and a visit was made to the floe edge. Many walrus were visible coming up through the ice[2], but my gun jammed and the dogs frightened the walrus out of range. Then whilst heading off the dogs I fell through the ice. We saw enough dog food to last us all the winter, but failed to get a mouthful.

"Next day the weather was foul again with wind from the east and a thick blizzard, visibility was only 100 yards. I was short of food and paraffin so left the floe edge for the post sixteen miles away, alone. I had no dog food so I fed them with my seal-skin sledge cover. The bad weather continued, and not knowing the district I got completely lost near Ship's Harbour Island, going round in a circle due to bad visibility. After much hard travelling and turning about it got dark and I was forced to stop. The snow was very hard and I had to work in the dark as I had no lamp glass so the work was most difficult and slow, but eventually I finished my tiny house and got in. I had no paraffin or biscuits but managed to make a cup of cocoa using lard and methylated spirits for fuel. My food was dry rolled oats mixed with a little sugar and cocoa. I also had some chocolate so I suffered very little hardship, thank God.

"Next day the weather was still bad but I hunted for tracks, after travelling for about an hour and turning back because the way seemed unfamiliar. I was in quite a dilemma; it seemed I must have passed the little bay I was looking for, so I turned about again. Poor dogs, they looked back questioningly, I could only pray "God bless them" though actually I must admit I never felt more God-forsaken. What a fool I was for not remembering the way better. Ship's Harbour Bay came into view again as the weather cleared a little, so I stopped and studied the map more carefully, with the result that I turned about once again."

Soon after this Katokak, the H B C post servant, came along and led the way into Repulse trading post after giving Canon Turner hot coffee (from his thermos) and biscuits as well as the promise of a good feed for his dogs on arrival at the post. "News that I had been left a fortune," says the Canon, "would have given me much less satisfaction."

After much fruitless hunting and journeys to the floe edge, he left Repulse alone on Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1939, with fourteen dogs, one of which was lame, and a heavily loaded sledge. The dogs had been well fed for a few days and had rested so they had improved a lot, but a guide was not available. On the first day he made twenty miles and then camped. On Wednesday the wind was very keen and "froze my face more than usual." He managed to get up a steep hill by using a fish which he found on the way to urge on the dogs. A little blubber was left so the dogs had some food. On Thursday the wind was keen again, he found an Eskimo camp and was entertained for the night. Next day he set off with a guide for Pelly Bay.

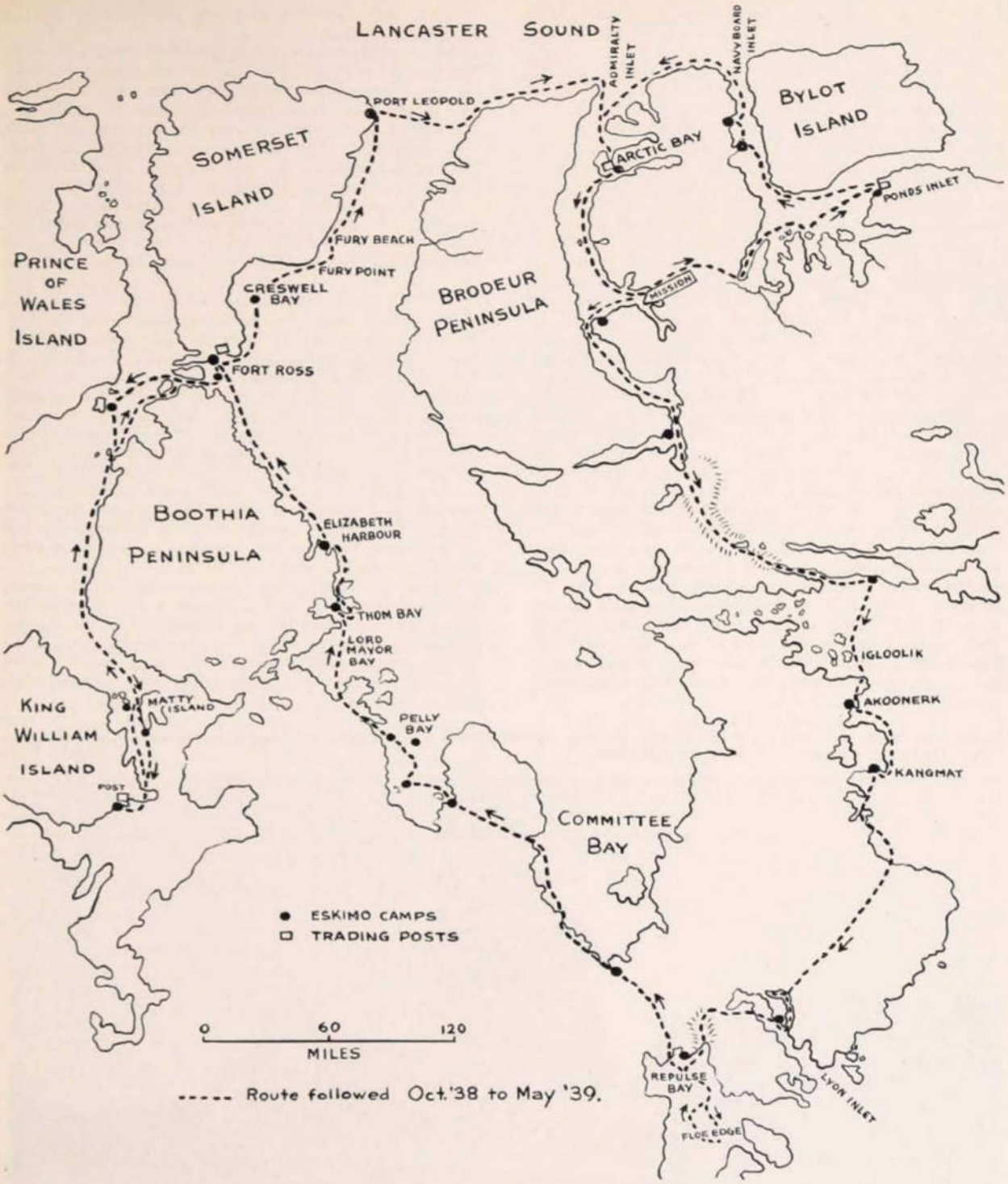
The lame dog got worse and died, leaving only thirteen dogs. The guide complained of bad health, broken sledge and bad travelling conditions and wanted to turn back, but was persuaded to continue. He was given some medicine which soon had the desired effect on his disordered stomach. Thus the land crossing from Committee Bay to Pelly Bay was made in spite of a very strong cold wind extremely hard on their faces, which had recently been frozen.

They arrived at Pelly Bay on March 10 at 5.15 p.m. and departed the next day. Canon Turner writes: "I was of course alone and had no idea where to find the next camp, except that it was somewhere to the west." Late that afternoon a hunter was found at a seal hole and he provided shelter and dog food for the next few days, dried and repaired the travel worn clothes and found a guide to the next camp. On March 14 he departed for Itooaktokoovik, and after covering about twenty miles a sledge brought news that Father Henri had just gone on ahead. So the Canon followed his tracks.

There was a big team and four people on the priest's sledge, so they made good progress, but following tracks was not quite so easy. Nevertheless they were followed to Thom Bay. There the Canon found some Eskimo who entertained him, but Father Henri had arrived first and bought up all their dog food and caches of fish for tobacco, the article they prize most.

Thom Bay, March 26. Under this heading Canon Turner writes: "This is the locality where Sir John Ross's expedition spent several winters more than 100 years ago.

"During the past week I have been following the priest's tracks. I now have as much dog food as I can carry, and plenty of fresh food for myself. Truly the




The route of the Canon's phenomenal journey is shown by the broken line. Starting from his mission on Moffet Inlet south of Arctic Bay, he travelled east to Pond's Inlet, round by Arctic Bay to the mission again, then south to Repulse Bay and north to Fort Ross. A side trip was made from Fort Ross to King William Island and back before the Canon headed north again.

Lord has fulfilled His promise magnificently. 'The Lord will provide,' and I have followed his trail singing praises."

At the camp the children quickly picked up the choruses of familiar hymns translated into Eskimo by the Canon, and played on his concertina.

On Easter Sunday, April 9, 1939, from the Magnetic Pole, Boothia Peninsula, Canon Turner wrote: "During the last fortnight I have nearly circumnavigated Boothia Peninsula. Leaving Thom Bay on March 27th we arrived at Fort Ross on March 30th. The journey was reckoned to take five sleeps, but Sorklak and I did it in three." From Fort Ross on April 1 the Canon went to Patsy Klengenberg's camp at Nauyat and held services in Patsy's house and bought dog food from him. On Monday, April 3, he left Nauyat with Tommy (Patsy's son-in-law) for a camp on the south-east corner of Prince of Wales Island to see a sick Eskimo. They expected to be back at Ross for Easter. With their combined team of 22 dogs and a light load, they reached Prince of Wales Island in one sleep. There was an abundance of dog food there, so Canon Turner decided to make the trip to King William Island, which had only been deferred for lack of dog food. He was without rifle or stores, but the natives clubbed round and got sufficient stores together, and Tommy agreed to go also. They started off on April 6 and covered thirty-two miles before camping south of Tasmania Island, and for the next two days they averaged forty miles per day. They had to press on as they were very short of stores, having left their outfit at Ross, and so were forced to eat male seal flesh, which was very strong and disagreeable in taste and odour. Toongak, the chief of the Prince of Wales Island camp, said it would take ten sleeps to get to King William Island, but they did it in seven. Arriving without any food except a few malted milk tablets and a little sugar.

Mr. "Paddy" Gibson was kindness itself and made the Canon very welcome. He had saved some dog food for him. Services for the Eskimo were held on arrival, and after a meal, talk, bath and change of underwear, the Canon turned in at 5 a.m., having travelled sixty miles that day. The next day was spent in trading, making preparation for the journey back, for next year's travelling and worship with Eskimo.

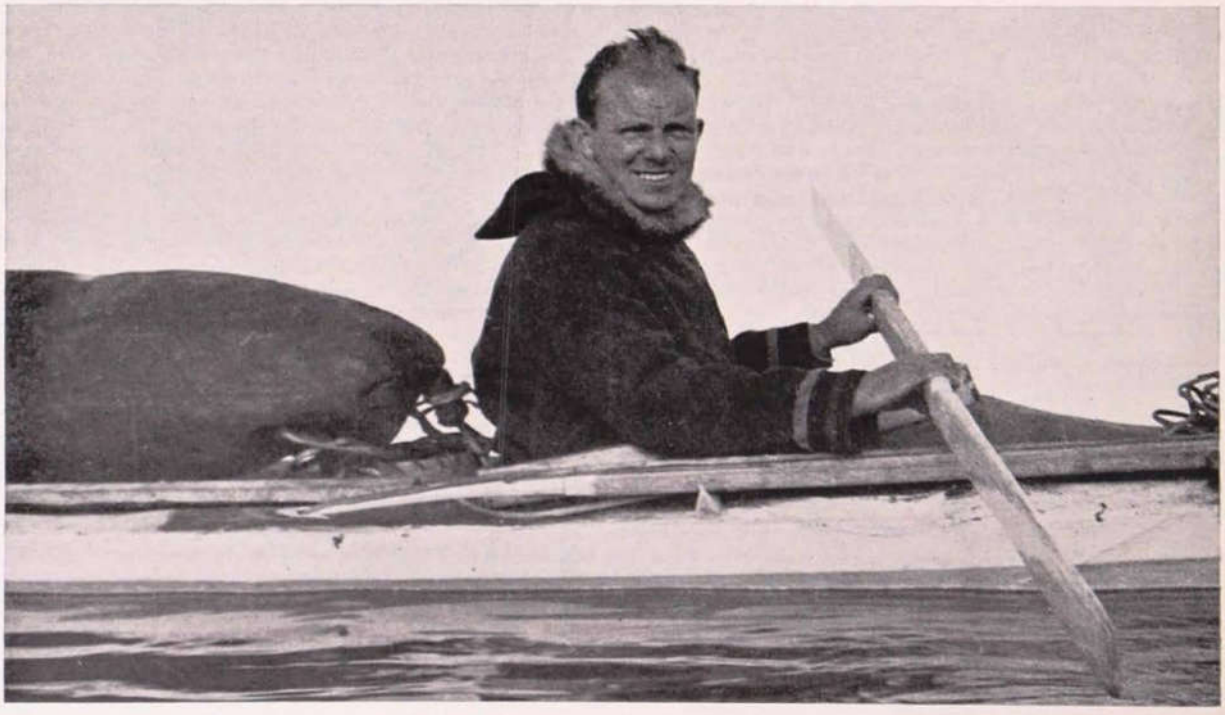
The following day was spent in a similar way and a start on the return journey was made on April 15, after expressing much gratitude to Mr. Gibson for all his kindness. Father Henri left the same day for Pelly Bay.

Matty Island was reached just before 11 p.m. that night, and the travellers remained there over Sunday, April 16, holding services for the Eskimos both morning and evening. They left on Monday, April 17, in a blizzard, although the weather cleared later and they reached Ross on April 22 at 11 p.m., after a sixty-mile journey that day. Mr. Learmonth was at the post and they chatted together until 5.15 a.m. before turning in. The next day was Sunday and services were held for the Eskimo.

On April 26, a start was made again, and the following day on arrival at Creswell Bay another dog died. Most of the team appeared to be affected by the disease and were in poor condition, and travelling was laborious and slow.

There were fifty Eskimos gathered at this camp, and the natives helped to build a large house for services and covered the top with a tent. In the middle of a service the top of the house caved in and a fifty-pound anchor and a case of the same weight came through. One man got hit on the side of the head with

**Canon John H. Turner in his kyak at Pond's Inlet. The large object behind him is an inflated sealskin attached to the end of his harpoon line. The harpoon lies on a rack below his right elbow.** *Maurice Flint.*



**The Turner family's effects leaving Moffet Inlet for Arctic Bay after his death in Winnipeg. The Canon with his wife and two little girls had been flown out by the R.C.A.F., following his accident in September, 1947. *(Beaver, March, 1948.)*** ***J. G. Cormack.***

the anchor, but no serious damage was done and the service continued.

The journey was again resumed on Saturday, April 26, alone, with dogs in a worse plight than ever due to disease, and on arriving at Fury Point four died, leaving only five dogs to carry on. Accordingly all the heavy gear was removed from the sled and cached in order to get to Port Leopold for help. But the ice got rougher and the dogs could not pull the sled, so everything not absolutely essential was removed, including the sleeping bag. Even then Canon Turner had to do half the hauling himself, as the dogs were so very weak. Eventually they came to a full stop and he climbed on to a high piece of ice to investigate. The way was completely barred ahead, so he decided to camp and have a meal in order to get strength to face the road again. He writes:

"I had hardly put up my tent when I turned and saw a head appear over the rough ice and Jamesee, one of the Dorset Eskimo from Port Leopold, came into view." There were two other Eskimo following, and when they came up it was decided two should go back and bring the gear cached at Fury Beach to Siorilak, whilst one accompanied Canon Turner to Port Leopold from there.[3]

Port Leopold was reached in two sleeps on May 6 and a very warm welcome received from Ernie Lyall and family. There were fifty Dorset folk there then, and services were held after arrival and on the next day, Sunday. Sick Eskimo were visited and treated. On Monday the party set out again for Arctic Bay and caught four bears to the east of Prince Regent Inlet. At Eardly Point, twelve miles west of Cape York, some cairns were seen on the top of two peaks close together. "This is undoubtedly the place mentioned in Ross's book where his men sheltered," writes the Canon, "although the cairns revealed nothing upon closer inspection."

Arctic Bay was reached on Saturday, May 13. Mr. Flint was there to greet the party, and there were natives from Foxe Basin in to trade. Services were held on Sunday and Canon Turner recounted some of his travels. He writes: "Our prayers had been answered, my task was completed and I could now turn my face homeward without any regrets. How many times it looked as though the programme would prove impossible after all, at Repulse, at Pelly, at Prince of Wales I., and even so near as Fury Beach."

Late on Monday night, May 15, the Canon set out from Arctic Bay, and Sioralik was reached at 5.30 a.m. on the 17th. Upon arrival word was sent to all Eskimos around that the annual sports day would be held on May 19, and 110 people came in. There were twenty-four teams in the sled race and numerous events in which many took part.

That autumn Canon Turner came home to England on the last trip that he made to his native country.

(1) The Canon must be referring to a snow house. When used during very cold weather an ordinary single canvas tent speedily becomes coated with ice, because of the condensation and freezing of vapour from cooking and breathing, etc., when there is nothing between its thin walls and the outside cold. Under such conditions a tent very quickly becomes "frozen up" and so stiff and hard that it cannot be handled or folded for loading on a sled. Thus, when no friendly trading establishment is at hand, a snow house may be built, and with the aid of a couple of primus stoves a badly iced tent can be thawed out and erected inside and, in the course of an evening, pretty well dried out, except for the lower walls. If not properly ventilated a snow house can become insufferably hot and stuffy. But still, "Very hot in house" and "house small and stuffy" is puzzling.

(2) Walrus cannot come up through hard, heavy ice, as they cannot keep breathing holes open in it as do the ringed seals. The ice to which the Canon refers is rubber ice near the floe edge not more than one or two days old. Walrus go in under that sort of ice and easily push their heads up through it when they want to breathe.

(3) Kavavouk told me that finally Canon Turner had only two dogs left and had prepared to carry on with these hitched to his bearskin sleeping platform rug, into which he had loaded his kerosene, primus stove, grub and sleeping gear, when the natives came upon him at Fury Beach. There could be no possibility of him attempting to pull his huge sled through the exceedingly rough ice.—*L.A.L.*

# Spring

*is just around the corner...*

A group of cheerful photographs

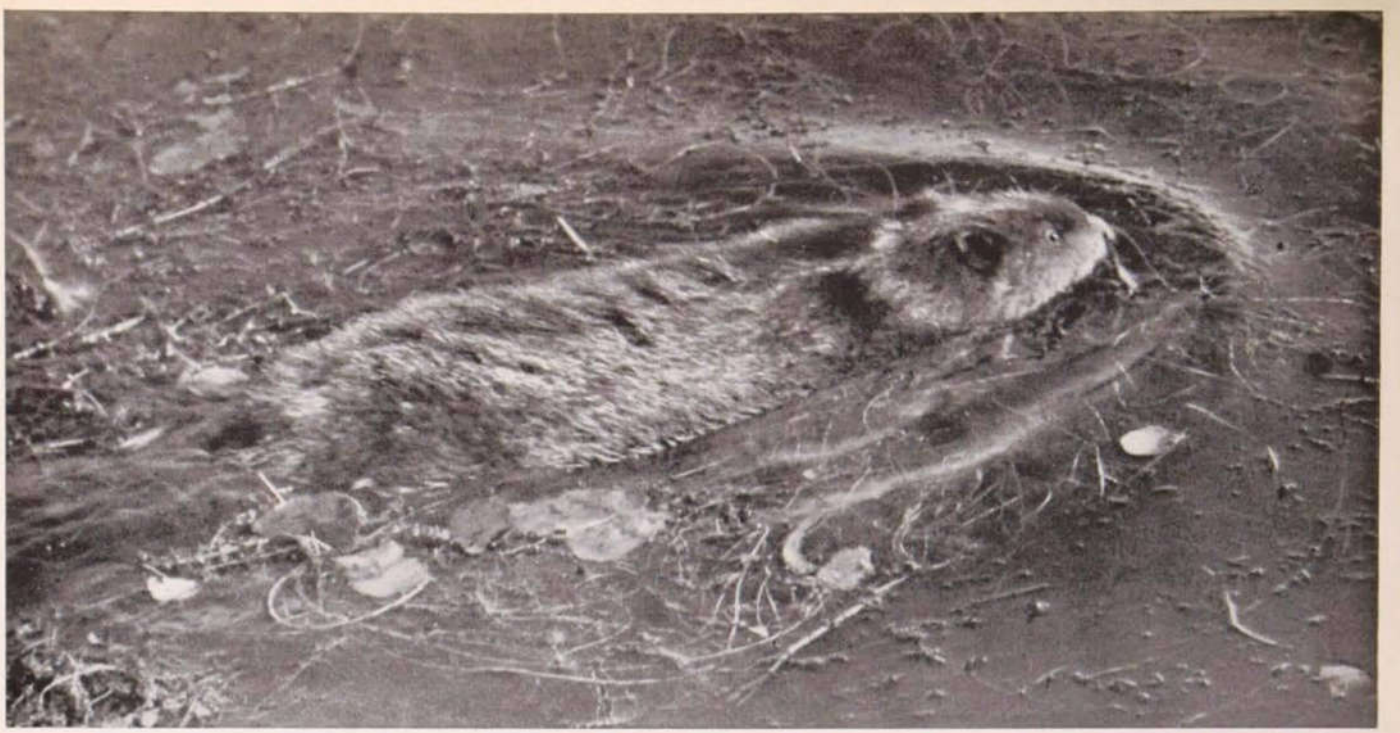
by Ted Tadda

Ted Tadda of Cranberry Portage is fast becoming one of the outstanding nature photographers of the North. Readers of the Beaver will recall his remarkable pictures of the aurora borealis, taken over the lake near his home, and other striking shots from his camera which have appeared in these pages from time to time. Cranberry Portage, where these pictures were taken, lies between Cranberry and Athapapuskow Lakes, about 25 miles southeast of Flin Flon in northern Manitoba.

**Hen grouse, strutting through the spring woods.**

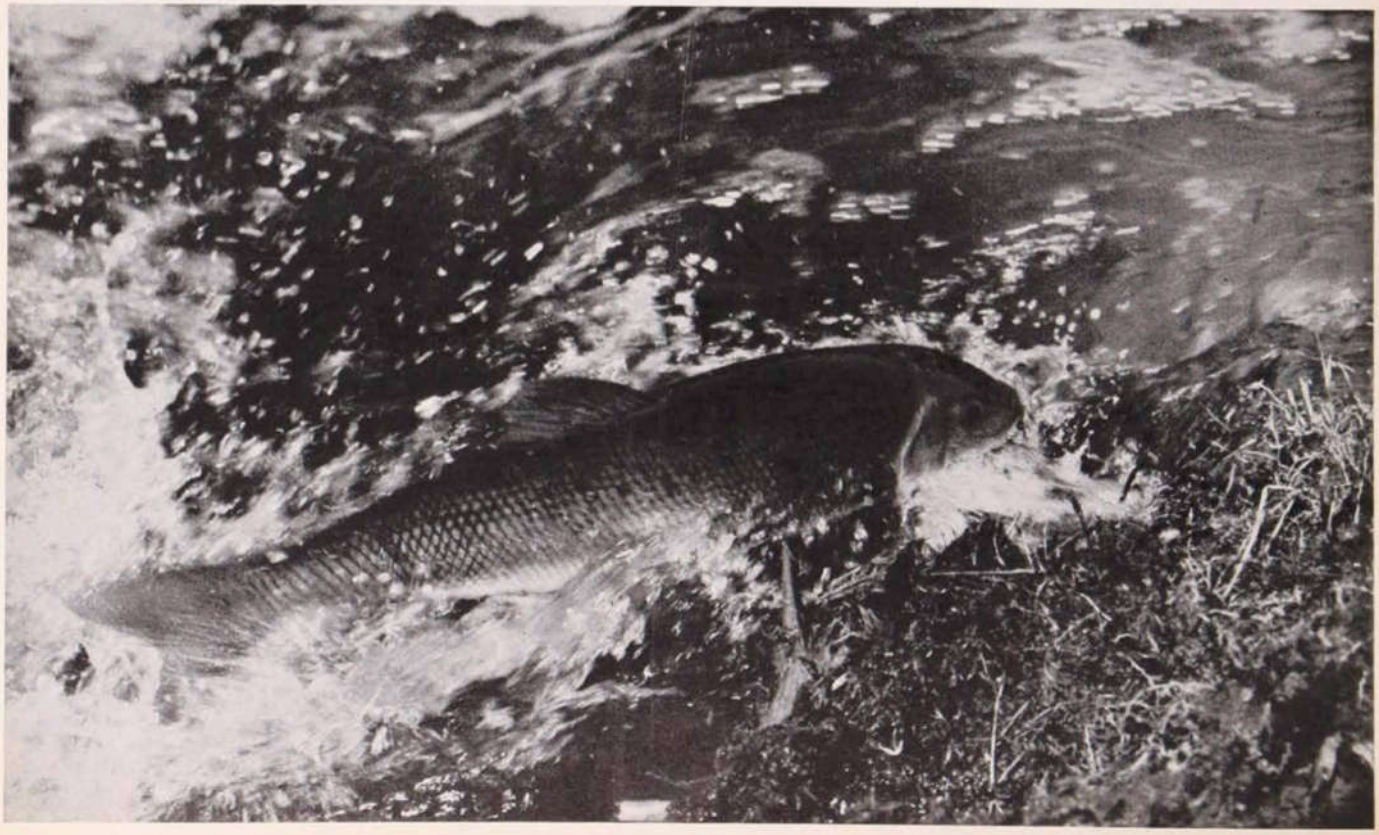
Lilies in the muskeg.

Long-horned wood borer.

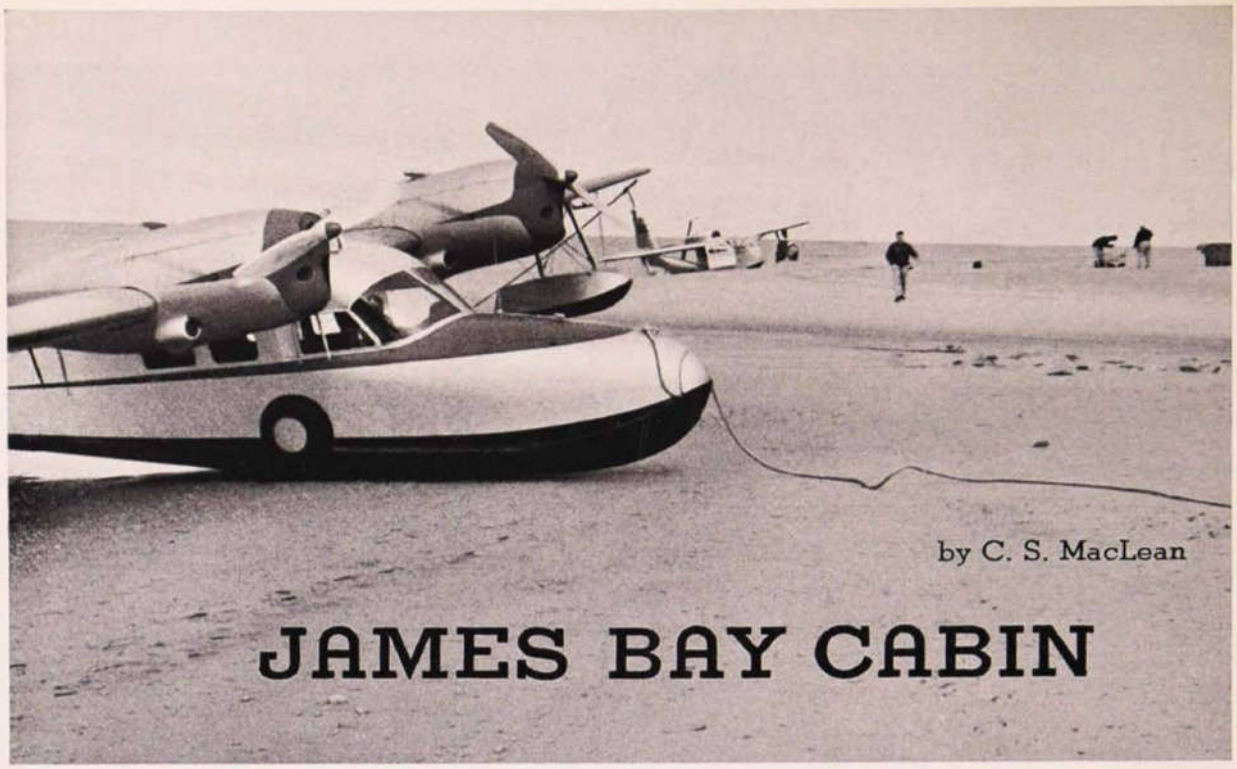


Beaver about to submerge.

Sucker making its way up rapids.



Husky puppies, grave and gay.



by C. S. MacLean

# JAMES BAY CABIN

Amphibians belonging to Mr. MacLean and his 1948 party lie on the sands of Little Cape Jones at low tide.

***"A fine, bouncing idea" becomes a cabin in the wilderness, complete with modern conveniences.***

IT was in 1946 that I first reached the Bay. We flew there to try the goose hunting on the western marshes of Rupert's Bay, and our base was a camp amongst the willows, two miles up a little stream called the Cabbage Willows River. It was a nice camp, as camps go. My companions were George Carpenter, of the Montreal *Gazette*, and John W. Sutherland, of Maniwaki. We had excellent shooting, both geese and duck, and the vast parade of wild fowl, which continually passed in seemingly inexhaustible numbers, was a sight well worth the trip. The weather was warm and clear.

Sitting in a goose blind with George Carpenter, I began to use my binoculars one day, studying the distant landscape. Miles away could be seen islands looming like ships against the background of endless water, which was James Bay and the North. To the west and southeast, we could see points of land which levelled off to the water's edge, and silhouetted against the sky were spruce and jack pine. What was over there on those high ridges? "If we had our own canoe and outboard," said George, "we would soon find out. It looks high, and those trees should mean something besides a worry for 'Sudz.' "

This "tree" reference was because Sudz (Mr. Sutherland) happens to be in charge of about five thousand square miles of timber land two hundred and fifty miles south, and after a dry summer was just getting over his "nervousness" every time we lighted a cigarette. Sudz has the habit of watching with baleful eyes the disposal of the discarded match, the finished cigarette or even the butt of a long dead cigar; and even when you toss these aforementioned articles into the water of a lake or a stream—and in this case, the ocean—he is apt to use his paddle to push them under just to make sure he won't have to call out his fire fighting foresters. Up there, with practically no trees and only wet swamp around our camp and blinds, he was rapidly becoming carefree and relaxed.

High land, trees, other game than wild fowl, fish, maybe trout, and ability to navigate freely by canoe also meant much. Where we were, low tide meant being grounded, and on those marshes that meant eight hours of "staying put" just where you were.

We decided that next year a trip would be made. We discussed it, and came to the conclusion that perhaps a little cabin might be possible if we found a suitable location. And so was born a fine, bouncing idea!

Several days later at Rupert's House, we talked this over with Archie Michell, then post manager of the Hudson's Bay Company. It could be done. The country south of our camp had much more elevation. The Nottaway and the Broadback Rivers had high bluffs and plenty of timber, and clean sand beaches. There were several islands which might be considered.

Yes, the Company might be willing to boat supplies from Moosonee over to Rupert's House. Yes, Rupert's whaleboat could be made available to reforward the material to a suitable location.

I don't believe any man was ever asked more questions in such a short time than were asked of Mr. Michell. Without his cheerful confidence that it could be done, and not too expensively done, I don't believe I would have dared to try to work my plan, which each day became more elaborate. In early winter, I received a "good-news" letter from Winnipeg that the Hudson's Bay Company would not only approve but help me. For a remarkably low rate per ton, they would transport my supplies from railhead at Moosonee to Rupert's House. That was a green light which I know caused them considerable bother later, as the space on their supply schooner is limited.

Winter is not the best season in Kentucky. Nights are long and the sun does not shine brightly all of the time. But it meant that there was plenty of time for me to mull over plans—mull over them again and again. I wanted this cabin to be completely equipped, and by forgetting any one of a number of articles or materials, I might find the construction of the house stymied with no hardware store or building material supply house just around the corner.

First, a plan was drawn, redrawn, and then changed many times. Studding, floor joists, plates, rafters, etc., were figured out to the exact number needed. Not too much flooring and not too little. Sheathing for the roof, roofing material, how many nails, and what sizes. Window sash—and how about making the crating, which was used to crate the windows, of a size and dimensions suitable for the frames? Yes, a few extra window panes might be necessary, as surely there would be some casualties in shipping glass windows as far away as that.

What size canoe should I have? The lodge must be long enough to store it in during the winter. A cook stove, dishes, pots, pans, cutlery, and construction tools; beds of double decker type with springs and mattresses were decided upon. A material for the sides of the cabin and what to line it with had to be worked out. How much extra footage of dressed tongued-and-grooved lumber for making cabinets and tables should be included in the shipment?

Then a tool house was decided upon to house the supplies and the tools which it would be necessary to store, and this tool house to be of a size ample for its conversion into a bathroom at some later date. Coat hangers, hinges, hasps, staples—all the little gadgets you see in a home were figured on and their approximate weights computed.

At times during that winter an entire evening would be passed just sitting in my kitchen figuring out how many sections of stovepipe, dampers, ells, etc., I would need, how much asbestos lining to go behind the stoves, and even what size stove pads would be necessary. Then we would figure how I could make one chimney serve for a heating stove in the living room and a cook stove in the kitchen. "Nannie Bell," my negro cook, would watch me with worried eyes; she figured I surely had "great troubles" to make me so quiet and "bothered like."

The list of supplies grew bigger and bigger, and so did my worries. Originally, I had figured on one ton of supplies, and the Hudson's Bay Company had told me they could not guarantee that all of this could go over, but that they would do their best. They asked me to hold down the weight as much as possible. In the end, *three* tons just about covered the shipment.

I did not want to use a log type construction, as it is a long, tedious job to cut, peel and haul logs, even with suitable timber available; and, especially without a horse to do the hauling, I figured it might be cheaper, and certainly much quicker, to use conventional building materials. But, even when one is in the lumber business, it is not always possible to get good, dry material in this time of frantic reconstruction. We selected lumber which was well seasoned and by early spring we had what we needed. We machined the materials to exact sizes and bundled them for shipment in packages which could be handled conveniently by two men. Some we cut in Louisville, and others we accumulated at a convenient Canadian factory with which I am connected. By rail they went to Moosonee, and from there to Rupert's House.

I was afraid to ask the Hudson's Bay Company as to the status of this material, but when I flew to Rupert's House in August, there it was. True to his word, Mr. Michell, after we selected our site, transported this mountain of material by their boat to Little Middleboro Island along with four capable Cree Indians who were very good carpenters. We staked off the foundation and then I returned south, not knowing how the cabin would turn out, but hoping for the best.

Then the telegram came, and September 16 found several of us zooming along a thousand or so feet above the Nottaway River with a good stout tail wind accelerating our speed, but even that was not

**Author's guide, Arthur Smith, with a beaver kit at Rupert's House.**

fast enough as we probed the distance ahead, eagerly looking for that huge space which would be the Bay.

Then we saw it, and nearer at hand our island! How pretty the cabin looked as we circled several times looking for shoals to avoid. We touched water, taxied to the shore, dropped our wheels and ran right up to the beach above the high tide mark, and hurried to the cabin.

The work had been well done. The overall dimensions of the cabin were 20x14 feet. The interior was divided as follows: The kitchen, 7x14 feet; a combination living room and sleeping quarters, 13x14 feet. At the rear was a wide back porch, and a room adjacent to the kitchen had been built, 8x8 feet. Waterproof gum panels were used as siding. The inside of the building was panelled with Mexican Cedrela panels. A floor of smooth, tongued-and-grooved pine helped to make it as tight and as snug as ever a home could be. The roof over the sheathing was heavy, galvanized iron and should stand a lifetime of element battling up there.

To Rupert's House we then hopped and made arrangements for two guides to bring over my canoe, along with a larger canoe which I chartered while there. We loaded our plane with every needed article of food, along with some chairs and a folding-leg bridge table; and last, but not least, a gill net. Don't forget the gill net purchase.

Returning to the cabin, we started to work. All hands were busy that day setting up the heavy cook stove of the type used on log drives, our heating stove, and assembling the double deck steel beds. We made shelves in the kitchen and a beautiful kitchen table. In the living room we constructed a gun rack, bookcases, clothes hangers and cabinets; and it was along about midnight before we called it a day.

In the morning it was blowing a gale, but, except for the fear that our Cree guides and canoes might be delayed, we were well content, particularly after the breakfast which our camp cook, Provost, set out for us. The menu was such that I think it not amiss to mention it, as it gives an idea of what groceries are carried at the Rupert's House store. Provost had fresh orange juice, bacon and eggs, pancakes with maple syrup, butter, jam, hot corn muffins, and coffee.

Our cabin faced south, and the view from the front porch was a source of never failing interest. Slightly to our right we could see for miles up the boulder strewn mouth of the Nottaway River, and to our left we could see the high banks of the Broadback River as it entered the bay.

Wooded bluffs crowned the shores surrounding three sides of our island, and to the rear a heavy growth of fine large trees covered two miles of the island and sheltered us from the north winds, which were certain to be cold and rough later in the season. Beyond that only an occasional rocky island stood up against a horizon of sky and water which was James Bay as it reached into the North.

Our cabin was on a slight plateau only a few feet above the high tide mark, but we had carefully examined the location before building and there was no sign of waves or ice ever having flooded or been pushed up on this rise. The beach was of clean sand and very small-size pebbles, firm enough for us to taxi our amphibians out of the water right up to our front door.

The clearing on the plateau between the cabin and the beach had a fine stand of grass, and that was indeed promising. Why not a garden with potatoes, turnips and cabbages? They had fine gardens at Rupert's House and at Fort George. Even at Great Whale River post, three hundred miles north, there was a very creditable potato garden, so on this comparatively sheltered island of ours there should be no difficulty.

About that time in the distance we saw two canoes bounding merrily over the rather sizeable waves, and in a short time they landed. Robert Stevens, assistant chief of the Crees, alighted and introduced his helper, a very intelligent young Indian. Robert was the carpenter in charge of the building of the cabin, but his native reticence and immobile countenance could not stand up under the praise which we heaped on him for a job well done. He smiled at last and stated that he was pleased that we liked it.

That afternoon we had a visit of snow flurries but, nevertheless, we went for a little larder replenishment and coasted along the sheltered side of the island. Landing, we used small clumps of willows for blinds and in an hour, without decoys, we bagged eight geese and a dozen ducks. Three of the geese were honkers, while the others were blues. The ducks were black duck and green-winged teal.

Returning to the lodge with a high sea rolling and a blizzard blowing, it was very welcome to open the door and find everything warm and comfortable. Provost, amongst other sterling accomplishments, had been taught the art of making that heart-warming concoction known as "hot Tom and Jerry." Dressed as he was in a white coat, apron and chef's hat, sprinkling the nutmeg in the cups, it seemed a far cry from wet tents, a smoking campfire and the inevitable hard log seats.

Arthur, Provost and the two Crees were bedded down in the tool house, as the dimensions of it allowed the erection of two double-decker beds. They were pleased no end at this, as they had expected tents, and so here was real luxury.

Provost really "turned on," so to speak, on that trip. Even the desserts he served were outstanding. Imagine being served with banana cream pie and various other exotic pastries and puddings! Usually, the *piece de resistance* consisted of a roast goose and apple sauce, or broiled duck or trout delicately done to a turn, covered with lemon, butter and parsley sauce. Last, but not least, we must remember the broiled whitefish and tartar sauce.

But, just in case you think our place was primarily the dream of a gourmet, please be advised that we worked, hunted and fought the elements for a week!

Four of us had come up on the first flight, but my plane, pilot and an additional guide, Alonzo, had been delayed in leaving our base on the day we started. As it was, they did not show up until four days after our arrival, as they were grounded by the weather in the south. On their arrival at Little Middleboro Island, we sent them to Rupert's House to gas up so as not to delay us when we got ready to return south. Over at Rupert's House they were grounded for the next three days, as the waves on the Rupert River were such that they did not dare to try a take off.

Only on the day we left for the south did we see them. After closing up the lodge and taking off for Rupert's House looking for them, we intercepted them on their flight towards our cabin, and of course radioed them to follow us south, which they did on a non-stop flight to Lac Desert, three hundred and fifty miles or more away.

In the meantime, we explored the island and made a number of interesting discoveries. The wind continued to blow steadily and we could not do any conventional angling. We had hoped to get up some of the rivers and try a fly, and perhaps some trolling up in the channel, but the weather made this a little too difficult. So we decided to put out the gill net. We staked it from the shore at low tide in front of the cabin. The length of the net was twenty-five feet, and we really didn't have much hope of getting anything, particularly since the point at which we placed it was just about the least likely spot around there. The only reason we put it there was its convenience.

Eight hours later we lifted the net. What we found was amazing. Five species of fish had that net loaded to bursting. Whitefish of a pound average, small doré, known as wall-eye, and a species of small sucker were in about equal quantities. There were several sturgeon mixed in, but the real eye-openers were two brook trout, the largest one being two and a half pounds. One doré, twenty-six inches long, had managed to squeeze his head through the small mesh of this net. Surely a net with larger mesh would have resulted in larger fish. Each time we lifted the net the result was the same, and when our Crees finally left for Rupert's House they carried a goodly boatload of fine fish back with them.

In 1948 we returned and a fine two-storey house was erected parallel with our first one, with a distance of sixteen feet separating them. Three bedrooms, a living room, a bath, electric lights, on the first floor, with a fine dormitory upstairs, make up this new house. The first lodge was changed into a cookery and dining hall.

Then our second canoe, a sponson with its whale-like beam of six feet seven inches, necessitated a canoe house. Powered by a large, heavy-duty outboard, we use it to cruise the bay in the summer, fishing the mouths of the mighty Nottaway and Broadback, roaming far afield to Rupert's House, and exploring the rocky isles of James Bay.

Early June last year found us there again. Summer was delightful. The mosquitoes and black flies were practically non-existent and occasional visitations of deer flies were quickly repulsed with a flit gun and DDT.

Joining the two buildings resulted in a combination of a living-room-dining-room, complete with fireplace. This room we panelled with Honduras mahogany and large picture windows were used on the front overlooking the mouth of the Nottaway River. The fireplace, faced with boulders from the river bed, proved well worth the expense and effort. Another bathroom and an inside stairway to the dormitory just about completed the main building. We used the surplus material to build a guides' sleep house and an adjacent room for their cookery.

Clearing land was next in order and we cleaned up approximately an acre and a half surrounding the buildings. The trees which we felled were cut into lengths suitable for the fireplace and the stove.

Our garden, planted in June and harvested in September, was amazing. Up for the goose hunting, we found that the potatoes had produced an excellent crop with a yield of eight to one. The turnips, also, turned out exceptionally well, although they were not larger than baseballs. The onions did well; the parsnips were fair; and our only actual loss was on the carrots, which, I believe, never had a chance by reason of the many rabbits on the island.

Being more than satisfied with this initial experiment, we cut a number of small spruce trees, peeled

**One of the amphibians drawn up on the beach of Little Middleboro Island. Cst. P. M. Holmes, R.C.M.P., looks it over, while Chief Robert Stevens stands by with a fine bag of geese.**

them and cut them to post lengths. This year we will wire-fence a much larger garden against the inroads of the rabbits—and, also, protect it from the six little pigs which we plan to turn loose in early summer. Surely these pigs will find sustenance on this fertile island and grow to nice little "chops" come fall.

The island proved its abundance of flora and fauna. Rabbits, birch and spruce partridge were plentiful. The channel produced northern pike, wall-eyes and brook trout, in addition to the many lesser fish netted by the Indians. At the mouth of the Broadback, George Carpenter hooked and landed a ten-pound wall-eyed on light tackle. The nets which the Indians put out fairly bulged with whitefish, suckers and sturgeon and a continuous battle was waged between the Indians and the sea gulls to see who or what got to the fish first. One sturgeon close to forty pounds was taken.

One day a flight of strange birds flew right over the lodges. The Indians stated they were "pheasants." Of course, we were not satisfied with that, and we turned to the bird book and identified them as sharp-tailed grouse.

Then on the way home last fall we heard of a lake, a lake fantastic and mysterious, up the Eastmain River, far from the coast. For years I had heard vague rumours of such a lake wherein the fish were of a size which passeth all understanding. Then, by chance, I met an Indian on the reserve at Maniwaki who claimed that twenty-five years ago he was on a surveying party who visited this lake. The story he told was that they caught brook trout and doré in a pool below the lake up to ten pounds in weight. In the lake proper he stated that they caught pike of thirty pounds and more, and lake trout of greater size than forty pounds. As he saw that I was not skeptical and was deeply interested, he took me aside and related that around a certain rocky point which he identified on the lake he hooked a fish of such tremendous size that it dwarfed the others. Fortunately, after a terrific struggle, his heavy hand line broke and he escaped—the Indian, that is.

Strange it sounds, but it all adds up and there is enough truth in it to satisfy me. Come 1950 and away we go, searching for this lake.

Perhaps a lodge up there is in order?

**The completed lodge as it appeared last year. The latest addition is the combination living room and dining room (with the long picture window overlooking the mouth of the Nottaway) joining the two wings.**

# SEALING – NEW STYLE

Story and Pictures
by William F. Joss

An Eskimo hunter with a seal he has hooked. The block of snow on his right marks the animal's breathing hole.

TO the Eskimos who live along the Arctic coast the seal is the staff of life. The skins provide clothing. The blubber is used for fuel and light. The meat is food for men and dogs. Caribou are scarce in this district, and for that reason the Eskimos devote most of their time, the year round, to hunting seal. In Amundsen Gulf, in Dolphin and Union Straits, seal are always fairly plentiful and are easily killed by shooting them from small boats, providing the sea is reasonably calm. In the springtime seal may be shot when they come out of their breathing holes to lie on the ice in the warm sunshine. In winter, however, hunting is not so easy.

When the sea freezes over, the seal has to use a breathing hole. One seal may have six to ten of these holes scattered over an area of one or two square miles. Until recently the usual manner of hunting was to find the breathing holes with the aid of dogs and wait—often for many hours—at one hole till the seal came up and then spear it. This is the primitive way and still the only way being practised by the Eskimos east of Victoria Land. Hunting in this manner requires infinite patience, and plenty of resistance to the cold Arctic winds; and it is not always very successful.

Although rifles, nets and traps have been in use for many years now for game-getting amongst the Western Arctic Eskimos, it was only five years ago that some of the natives of this district realized that the winter spearing of seal is an inefficient way of getting the blubber and meat upon which their lives depend.

The hunter drops a hook into the hole where the seal comes up to breathe.

Steel traps are costly, and nets freeze into the ice, so another way had to be tried and proved to be the solution to the problem. The seal has to come up for air at any one of its breathing holes, so it was reasoned that if a hook or hooks were set in these holes there was a good chance of the seal being caught. The Eskimos being handy with tools, it was not long before some hooks were made from quarter-inch iron, primus stove legs, six-inch spikes, or anything thought suitable. After the single hooks are made, three of them are lashed together to form a three-pronged hook the shape of a grapnel. A chain, usually a trap or dog chain two or three feet long, is then attached with a swivel to the top end of the hook. Lastly a stout piece of wood is put in a loop at the other end of the chain. This piece of wood is the toggle or anchor.

With six or a dozen of these hooks the Eskimo is now ready to go winter sealing, "new style." Taking his best sealing dog on the end of a long line, he sets out from camp. In fifteen or twenty minutes the dog will have smelt out the first seal hole. The Eskimo, by carefully cutting away the snow covering the hole, finally exposes a small opening an inch or two in

When the seal is caught, the hole is scooped out to allow its body to come up through the snow which covers the ice. Then the hunter hauls on the chain.

The dog, who located the breathing hole in the first place, takes a personal interest when the dead seal is hauled up onto the snow. In the foreground are the hunter's snow-probe and snow-knife.

diameter. This opening is enlarged enough to drop the hook through into the water. The hook is then set by letting it hang to the extent of its chain, the wooden toggle across the top of the hole acting as anchor. The hole is then covered with snow and a snow-block marker erected near it. The whole operation only takes a few minutes.

When the seal comes up for air, it pushes past the hook hanging in the hole. After breathing for a minute or so, it will either let itself sink slowly tail first or flip around and dive head first. As the breathing hole is only slightly larger than the seal's body, there is very little chance for the seal to avoid the hook.

If sufficient daylight remains after the hunter has set all his hooks, he may inspect them on the way back to camp. Any movement of the toggle or disturbance of the snow and ice in the hole means a seal on the hook. If so it is hauled out and killed. Sometimes the seal is already dead through drowning. If the hook has not been disturbed it is left to be visited the following day.

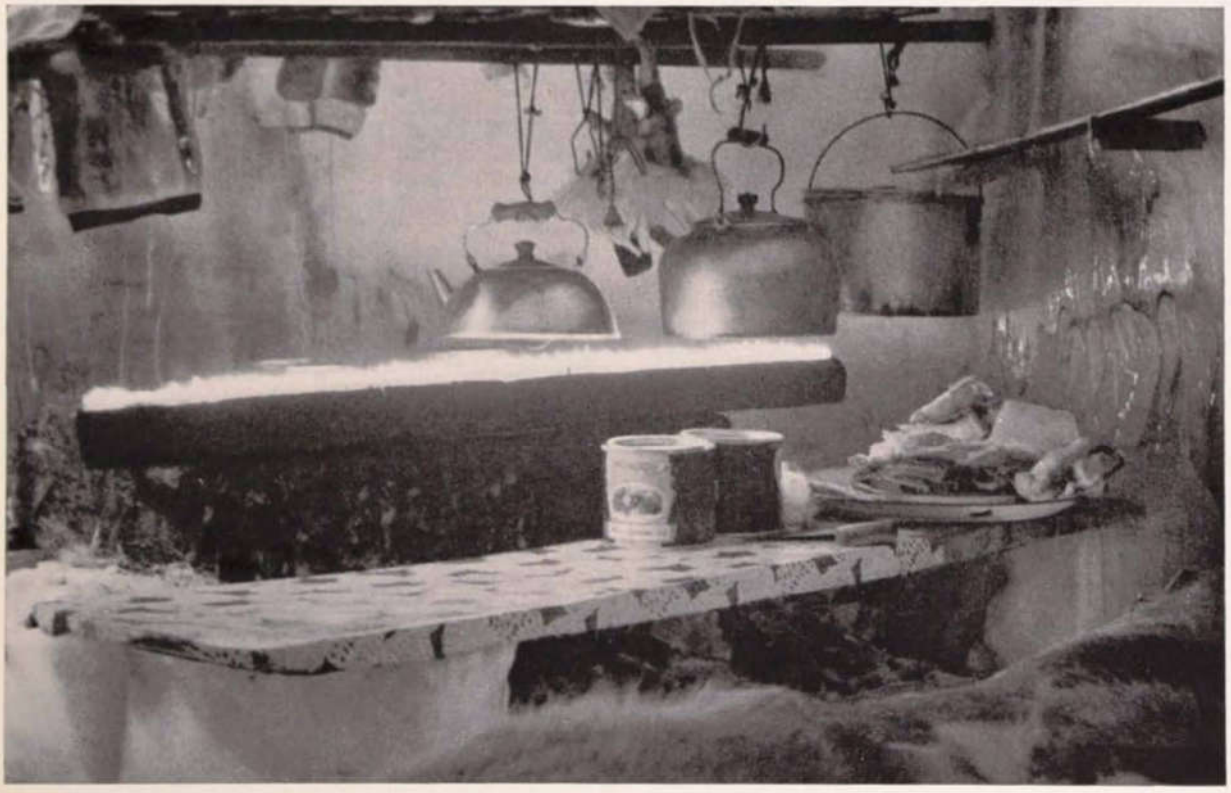
In this fashion a hunter averages two seals per day during the short winter days. As the days get longer one hunter may set as many as twenty hooks and get ten or twelve seals per day. Frequently two seals have been caught on one hook at the same time in the same hole, and occasionally three—one on each hook of the grapnel.

As in all hunting, some Eskimos are more proficient in catching seal this way than others. However it is an easy method, and when the men folk of the family go off on their trap lines the women and children members go out visiting the hooks, and resetting them at new holes if necessary.

A good day's catch of seals for the hunter's family.

Thus the great art of spearing seal in this district is becoming a thing of the past. No longer does the Eskimo hunter have to stand for hours in the numbing Arctic cold, waiting motionless until a seal comes up to breathe. By using the hooks he can busy himself with other ways of obtaining food and warmth for his family, and at the same time he can be sure of getting more seals than he could by the primitive method. Eventually the news of the new method will spread east and, like the days of the bow and arrow, the days of the seal spear will be over.

Food, heat, light, and clothing are provided by this Arctic staff of life for the coastal Eskimo. Seal meat and fat are seen on the platter, seal oil is burning in the long stone lamp, and sealskin boots are drying on the rack above it. *J. H. Webster*



# BOOK REVIEWS

### THE COLUMBIA, by Murray Morgan. Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, 1949. 295 pages.

MR. MORGAN, by his own affirmation, has not attempted to give us the complete story of the Columbia. The book, he says, "is not primarily, a history. It is, instead, three hundred pages of the most interesting facts I could find about the river." With the first of these statements this reviewer agrees. The book is not a history. As for the second claim, certainly there are interesting stories here and interesting statements, but not all of them are facts.

One section of the book—some ninety pages—is given to the task of describing the geology and geography of the river, to stories about the Indians, and to a very sketchy account of the explorers and fur traders on the river. The rest deals with the Columbia basin as it is to-day, with the emphasis largely upon the new economics and the new atomic politics.

In selecting his material, says the author, "the touchstone was interest." But in his endeavour to be interesting at all costs, Mr. Morgan has paid a heavy price, both in literary quality and in historical accuracy. It is all very well "to apply the newspaperman's sense of values to the story of the Columbia." It is quite another thing to apply a newspaperman's sense of values to the English language. Concerning Juan de Fuca and his apocryphal voyage to the northwest coast, for instance, we are assured that there were "others who batted in de Fuca's league as a liar." And a more recent Columbia figure, the millionaire Sam Hill, who paid a visit to Stonehenge, is said upon his return to have "made like a Druid." In my opinion these comic-strip catch-phrases detract enormously from a style which might have been vigorous, clear and effective.

There are other rather disturbing references. Stonehenge is not in Wales, nor is it "a Welsh amphitheatre." David Thompson could hardly have arrived in Canada in 1884, and not even a brash young officer would boast in 1853 that his "proud father" had fought at Culloden in 1746. But perhaps the most surprising "fact" which is to be gleaned here is that "The Canadian [sic], Alexander Mackenzie . . . found the Fraser—which he mistook for the Columbia, and followed it to the sea."

One bit of information that the author might have included concerns John Meares ("James" Meares on p. 37). The really interesting fact about this worthy was not that he was either "a fine sailor" or "an unlucky geographer," but rather that he was, in all probability, the most impudent liar who ever came to the coast—a man whose lies all but involved two great powers in a first-scale war.

With all its imperfections of both style and fact, the book still has interest for the reader, provided always that the reader is simply looking for information about the river to-day and about its place in the politics of the American northwest. If he is looking for a history of the Columbia, however, he had better look elsewhere.—*J. H. S. Reid.*

### THE BELLA COOLA INDIANS, by T. F. McIlwraith, 2 vols. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1949.

WHEN white men first came to the Pacific coast, the Bella Coola Indians comprised a loosely federated tribe or linguistic group, with a population that "must have been in the thousands," distributed through some twenty villages. As a result of the breakdown of their highly developed culture, of disease and of economic insufficiency, their numbers by this time have dwindled to a bare four hundred people, all living in the single, remote village of Bella Coola. The excellence of Professor McIlwraith's comprehensive and analytical study of the social organization of this village tribe, in his *Bella Coola Indians*, has now placed it in the hall of esoteric fame already occupied by the Ewe-speaking people, the Yoruba-speaking people, the Trobriand Islanders and other such famous groups. The Bella Coola are now in the public domain of anthropological scholarship.

Paradoxically, through neglect, the *Bella Coola Indians* has acquired a bonus in importance. Although its manuscript was completed almost a quarter of a century ago, funds for its publication were not made available until recently. In consequence, though the delay speaks ill for Canadian support of scholarship, the value of the book as a document has been enhanced; for the material that it now presents is approximately a generation closer to the rapidly fading primitive culture of the Indians than any that can be gathered ever again. Many of Professor McIlwraith's Indian friends and informants are now dead; and the death of each has depleted still further the small stock of remnants and memories that survive from their interesting, complex and instructive culture.

Of the various levels of approach that were open to him, Professor McIlwraith chose, in his investigations, to follow the lines of descriptive social anthropology. It has been his aim in this book to make a complete record of "the interwoven social, religious and folklore concepts of a people, the sum total of their mental life, collected by one man, at one time." And, through the warm, personal contacts that he established with the Indians in Bella Coola (he was adopted as a son by one woman) during his lengthy visits there between 1922 and 1924, he managed both to collect the enormous quantity of observed fact and narrated material that was necessary to the achieving of this task; and scientifically to verify and re-verify it through the narratives of multiple informants.

The scope, the penetration, the authenticity and the careful classification of material that are displayed in the *Bella Coola Indians* combine to make it a work of major importance in its field. Anthropologists will value it as a source book; and the educated layman can gain through it an interesting and valuable knowledge of the all-too-little-known culture of the west coast Indians. No one can read the book for an

hour and remain unimpressed by the high development of that culture, its elaborateness, its ritualistic formality and, above all, by the degree of meaning and significance that it contrived to give to almost every act and event in Indian life.

Detailed attention is given in Volume I to the generally misunderstood potlatch, and to the central place that it held in the intricacies of the Bella Coola social organization, and of the acquiring and displaying of ranks and prerogatives. Needless to say, with its disappearance—which seems unavoidable—the whole cultural structure must fall. Other sections of the book deal with such important subjects as religion; the anthropomorphic and zoomorphic supernatural beings that peopled so influentially the Indians' twilight world; myths, beliefs or rituals concerned with everything from the origin of life to magic and taboo; and ceremonial dances, songs, warfare, games and many other public and private activities. Wisely, there is a large documentary inclusion of Indian legends and myths which add weight and authenticity to the work.

It is perhaps unjust to regret the absence, in a book that is admittedly sociological, of a section dealing with the technology, the art, of the Indians—but regret it one must. Totem poles, though necessarily discussed, are slighted in view of their important links with the potlatch and with the concepts of rank, prerogative and social obligation. Although the Bella Coola totem poles were never as numerous or as skilfully carved as those of the neighbouring Tsimshian and Kwakiutl, and though many had been bought and exported by white traders before 1922, a description of those in existence at that time, and a record of their number, location and ownership would make interesting reading now that none remain. It is as much a compliment on the importance of the book as a criticism of it to say that its index should be greatly expanded; and that separate indexes for English and Indian words would increase its convenience. No minor criticisms should obscure, however, the very great contribution to human knowledge that it has made.—*Hunter Lewis.*

## SUPPRESSION OF THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH WEST TERRITORIES OF CANADA, 1885, by Genl. Sir Fred Middleton, edited by Prof. G. H. Needler. University of Toronto Press, 1948. 80 pages.

THIS is the brief but interesting account of the military operations involved in the Northwest Rebellion, written by the general in command of the forces, and edited by one who took part in them as a corporal in the Queen's Own Regiment. Many personal reminiscences of the campaign have appeared in print, but this is the first authentic account of the operations as a whole to have been made available to the public.

Reading it, one is struck by the difficulties of climate and terrain in which the troops operated, the length of the marches they carried out in that immense country, and the comparatively small number of casualties suffered in the several engagements. And between the lines one senses also the driving power of the commanding officer (he stopped in Winnipeg only twelve hours on his way west), and the half-veiled conflict between the regular British officers employed mostly on the staff and the Canadian volunteers under them.

The story deals chiefly with the advance of the main column from Qu'Appelle via Humboldt, Clarke's Crossing and Batoche to Prince Albert, and eventually to Battleford and Fort Pitt. The accounts of the actions at Fish Creek and Batoche are given in full detail, and emphasize the fact that the half-breeds and Indians, however good they may have been at guerilla fighting, were never able to stand up to a charge by well-led troops. One questions, however, the commanding officer's decision to leave most of his cavalry on his line of communication. A judicious use of them after the rebels' retirement from Fish Creek might easily have produced spectacular results.

Three months only were required to put down this rebellion in an area measuring some four hundred by three hundred miles, and the complete success of the operations speaks well for Middleton and the five thousand Canadian troops under him.

His account of the campaign, as published in this book, would have been clearer to the modern reader if sketch maps of the main engagements had been supplied. As it is, only one very small scale map is shown, and this has no scale attached.—*J. D. Gemmill.*

## INDIAN SUMMER, by Douglas Leechman; illustrated by Langdon Kihn. The Ryerson Press —Toronto, 1949.

THE author of *Indian Summer* is an anthropologist of the National Museum at Ottawa, and he has written a most sympathetic and entertaining book. Even as our Indian Summer helps us preserve in retrospect the best of the spent year, so does Douglas Leechman preserve the best in Indian thought and legend. The book is nicely divided in a series of chapters on "Indians I Have Known" and "Tales They Have Told Me." They are all easily and pleasantly told from no great wealth of material, but the sympathetic mind of this scientist has found a wealth of material in his deep understanding of the native. The author has patiently put his fine mind into theirs and extracted all that is matchless.

The first part deals with interviews and character sketches of Indians from Central British Columbia, the Prairies, the Pacific Coast and the Yukon. All are well done, and there is some fine descriptive writing, as in "Rogue River Salmon Woman."

> As I dropped down the hill to the bridge which crosses the Rogue River at Gold Beach, I saw the salmon boats lined up, side by side, each with its net ready, awaiting the signal which, at sunset, would set them free to fish. Silhouetted blackly against the glowing sky, they jockeyed silently for position, like vultures poised on some low wall awaiting the signal of death which would call them to the feast. There was only an occasional creak of oars, a quiet deep voice.
>
> Low on the horizon, glittering with an almost intolerable brightness, painting the still silent clouds with rose madder, chrome and gold, the sun filled the upper cloudless sky with and effulgence of light and pure colour, jade green shading imperceptibly into blue.
>
> The boats had gone now, gone to kill the million salmon; the evening air was very still.

Again in "Old Steamboat" from up in the Yukon:

A cool little breeze stirred the water into miniature whitecaps which splashed occasionally into the boat. Overhead, a skein of geese, hundreds in number but scarcely visible, drifted like a wisp of grey smoke towards the south.

The second part contains one graphic story of a whale hunt by the Pacific Coast Indians of long ago, and a legend of the Indians of the lower Yukon where the reader wishes for a happy romance that ends in tragedy. Most of this section of the book is about the Indians of the Old Crow in the Yukon, where the author spent a summer and secured a series of mythical tales from Indian storytellers. It is here that he is at his best as he relates the folk lore and myths of these Indians, redolent of the wild and bold country they live in. There is also a beautifully told description of an Indian funeral at Old Crow. Canada is indeed indebted to Dr. Leechman for preserving in his *Indian Summer* all that is good of the higher thoughts and ideals of our Indians.—*C. D. La Nauze.*

## ACROSS CANADA, by Clare Bice, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., illustrated by the author. Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 1949. 119 pages.

THIS most attractive little book for youngsters of ages from eight to twelve gives brief glimpses into the lives of eight children living in various parts of Canada from an east coast fishing village to a Western Arctic trading post. The author is primarily an artist, and his water colours and black-and-white sketches vividly picture the amazing contrasts which are to be found in the land of Canada.

The grandeur of Mount Stephen makes a striking setting for the story of Sara McGregor, who finds adventure in "Train Whistles in the Mountains." "Jacob's Prairie Harvest" brings us an entirely different picture: the vast grain farms of the prairies, flat and almost treeless. But perhaps the variety of setting is most pronounced by comparing the first story, which depicts the quiet charm of an east coast fishing village, and the fifth, a vivacious and exciting account of a stampede in the Alberta range country.

Mr. Bice knows what appeals to children and is generous in rewarding diligence or bravery with "special treats"—a trip to Toronto or Quebec City, or an unexpected plane ride with all the wonders of the unexplored. This incidentally serves a useful purpose in extending the knowledge of the young reader in painless fashion.

The last story, "Wings of the North," is about the son of an Arctic trading post manager. No precise locality for the tale is given, but it appears to be in the neighbourhood of Coppermine. Three minor points might be noted: (1) No place on the Arctic mainland enjoys twenty hours of sun in April. One has to get up into the latitude of Melville Sound before such long April days are reached (*Beaver*, Mar. 1949, p. 35). (2) Coal oil is never kept in the trading store, but well away from it. (3) The outer deerskin "parka" is a *kulitahk*, not *kulahtic*. On the whole, however, this story presents a good picture of life at an Arctic post.

All in all, *Across Canada* will make an excellent gift book for any boy or girl at that rather baffling age of eight-to-twelve.—*Ruth Matheson.*

## RED FLANNELS AND GREEN ICE, by Arthur Pocock. Random House, New York and Toronto, 1949. 272 pages.

IF you read a story called "Chimo Clambake" in the *Beaver* two years ago, you'll already be acquainted with Arthur Pocock's lighthearted style. And if you liked that Arctic tale of fun and adventure on the U.S. Coastguard cutter *Laurel*, you'll like this book. It's chock full of original humour, and yet packed with information—something you don't realize until you think back on what he has told you. Here's a paragraph, for instance, that sums up a very important point in the economy of the Arctic; yet it's fun to read, and moreover gives a good idea of Mr. Pocock's style:

Lemmings pay their debt to society by serving as blue-plate specials for the Arctic fox. There is a direct correlation between the fertility of lemmings and the number of fox pelts that come into the trading post. Periodically, the lemming goes on strike, assembles a convention of little lemmings, and together they gambol playfully down to the sea and jump in without benefit of pied piper. Nobody knows why they do this, particularly the foxes, who are by this time in a condition of critical malnutrition. On convention years the depopulation of lemmings results in a poor haul of fox skins. Lemmingologists and naturalists, concerned for the welfare of the lemming and unhappy over the scarcity of fox furs, have sought the cause of this phenomenon for years. Recently in a learned treatise they summed up their results: "It just happens." On these "it just happens" years American women must console themselves over the fox shortage by swathing themselves in mink and chinchilla, which is simply one more proof of the wonderful adaptability of women.

Because of the author's tendency to wisecrack, it is recommended that the book be taken in smallish doses. This reviewer certainly found it more enjoyable that way, and enjoyed it hugely. (Part of his enjoyment admittedly may be due to the fact that, while he was reading it, the thermometer was flirting with 105° in the shade, and losing himself in the Arctic had a noticeably cooling effect.)

If there is any serious criticism to make, it is that some of the language, and some of the anecdotes, are unnecessarily broad. Perhaps the author felt that such a salty volume should be well sprinkled with salty tales, and that a truer picture of the rough, tough, he-man life of the Coastguard in northern waters could be given by being pretty frank on occasion.

Anyone with much experience in the Eastern Arctic will suspect Mr. Pocock of occasional hyperbole. His descriptions of navigating the lower Koksoak River, for instance, make it appear a pretty terrifying affair. Actually ships have been making the voyage from the river's mouth to Fort Chimo and back for quite a few years (since 1830, in fact) and if a competent pilot is on hand, the feat has never been considered particularly difficult. Whether the tale of the *Laurel's* narrow escape is Sondre Strom Fiord was strictly accurate is another matter. The fact remains that it is remarkably well told, without a single wisecrack, and that it is the most exciting incident in the book.

Hudson's Bay men are going to enjoy his descriptions of meeting Frances and Norman Ross at Lake Harbour and Bill Calder at Clyde. A full chapter, "Home Is Some Taffy Hair," is devoted to the Rosses and is partly reprinted in this *Beaver*.

There are no illustrations (only cartoons would have been suitable) but there is a map on the jacket and inside which has plenty of laughs in it all by itself.—*C.W.*

## Mystery of the Cannon

Some of our readers have been wondering why the article on Rocky Mountain House in the last *Beaver* made no mention of the cannon that are reputed to have been buried there. The family of Walter Moberly, who served at that fort in the winter of 1854-5, owned a plan which he had drawn, purporting to show the location of the cannon, which, he said, had been buried in a corner of the stockade, and a search for them was carried on intermittently for several years.

Why they had been so carefully put away was a matter for debate. One school of thought held that the interment had taken place because the fort was temporarily closed, and the Hudson's Bay men didn't want the Blackfeet to get hold of such fearsome weapons. But a more popular explanation was to the effect that one of the cannon had burst and killed a man. This man, according to a story handed down in the Moberly family, was a blacksmith who in a moment of exuberance one New Year's Eve had loaded the cannon—presumably with a king-size charge—and touched it off. The Governor and Committee in London, on hearing the melancholy details, gave orders for any other cannon of similar vintage at the fort to be buried.

Both these tales have their weak points, however. The fort was closed temporarily in 1861—when Mr. Moberly was nowhere near it—and reopened three years later. If the cannon had been buried in '61, they would have been dug up again in '64.

The second story is even more unlikely, and evidently stems from one of Mr. Moberly's reminiscences, published in his book *When Fur Was King*. Writing of the winter of 1855-6, which he passed at Edmonton, he says: "The old three-pound metal carronades were not always fired, owing to an accident three years before. The blacksmith had gone into a bastion, loaded one of these guns and discharged it. No attention was at the time paid to the sound, [must have been quite a party] but when next morning the man was missed and a search instituted his dead body was found in the bastion. He had been killed by the bursting of the old cannon."

Now it so happens that an original letter from Chief Factor John Rowand has been preserved which describes the same incident taking place two weeks previously. And it shows (1) that the accident occurred on New Year's morning, 1828, not 1853 and (2) that it was not a black*smith* who was killed, but a Black*foot* interpreter!

All of which illustrates rather well the way that stories handed down by word of mouth get garbled in the retelling.

However, this letter had not come to light twelve years ago when the plan of the fort was obtained from the Moberly family and much digging carried on at the indicated spot and its vicinity—with no results. Finally an old Indian came along (he had probably been sitting there quietly smoking while the searchers sweated away with their crowbars and shovels for days on end) and remarked that the cannon hadn't been buried at all. They'd been sunk in the Saskatchewan River. And that, when you come to think of it, is a much more plausible tale.

## Contributors

Lt.-Col. J. D. Gemmill, of the Retail Stores Office, Hudson's Bay House, is a student of military history. . . . Richard Harrington, whose photos of the North are well known to all *Beaver* readers, is now on another Western Arctic trip sponsored by two celebrated American magazines. . . . John C. W. Irwin is secretary of the Save the Forest League and a member of the Canadian Quetico-Superior Committee. . . . Florence and Lee Jaques, of New York City, are a husband-and-wife team of author and artist who have collaborated on such outstanding books as *Canoe Country* and *Snowshoe Country* (both about Quetico-Superior) and *Canadian Spring*. Mr. Jaques, one of the best animal and bird artists in America, is also noted for his background paintings for museum habitat groups, especially in the American Museum of Natural History. . . . William F. Joss is H B C post manager at Reid Island, Western Arctic. . . . C. D. LaNauze is an ex-Assistant-Commissioner of the R.C.M.P. who knows the Northwest well. . . . Hunter Lewis is a professor in the department of English at the University of British Columbia. . . . Charles Stuart MacLean is an executive officer of the Wood Mosaic Co., Louisville, Kentucky, and a frequent visitor to the woods and waters of northern Quebec. . . . Thierry Mallet travelled widely in the North when he was an officer of Revillon Frères Trading Co., and has contributed several articles on his adventures to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other magazines. . . . Ruth Matheson is custodian of the Hudson's Bay Company museum in Winnipeg. . . .

ARTHUR F. POCOCK is a geologist by profession who spent several months in the Eastern Arctic aboard a U.S. Coastguard cutter during the recent war. He is now in another treeless part of the world—Saudi Arabia—looking for oil. . . . J. H. S. REID is professor of history at United College, Winnipeg. . . . TED TADDA is a lineman with the Canadian National Telegraphs at Cranberry Portage, Manitoba.

## The Fur Flies

In October 1669, the first shipment of fur from Hudson Bay reached London in the little ketch *Nonsuch* (36 feet from stem to rudder-post) which took about four months to bring it from James Bay. Presumably it was sold by private treaty, as the Company did not hold its first public auction until January 1672.

In December 1949, a collection of 1,400 wild mink pelts reached Montreal, in a T.C.A. *North Star* plane (93 feet from nose to tail) which took five hours and forty minutes flying time to bring it from Winnipeg. Previous to that it had been picked up by Tiger Moth at six Northern Ontario posts, flown to Sioux Lookout, and rushed by automobile to Winnipeg's Stevenson airport. On December 9—only three days after it had been collected from the bush posts, and not many more since it had been running around the woods in its natural state—the shipment was being inspected by fur buyers in the new Hudson's Bay fur building in Montreal.

This was one of the highlights in the historic December sale which marked the first time the Hudson's Bay Company had ever auctioned furs in Canada.

The building where the auction took place is the most modern of its kind in the world. Situated on the upper side of Dorchester street at the corner of St. Alexander, it stands only a block away from the site of Beaver Hall, residence of Joseph Frobisher, one of the leading Nor'westers and a charter member of the famous Beaver Club. Until only a few years ago, Frobisher's own warehouse stood at the corner of Ste. Thérèse and Vaudreuil streets—a dingy grey building compared to which the spic and span H B C warehouse would have made a striking contrast.

Three storeys above ground and two below (on the Dorchester street side), it is furnished with large windows, by the light of which the furs are graded. The basement and sub-basement are given over to cold storage and the refrigeration and heating plants, etc. On the Dorchester street level are the auction room, offices and private treaty room. The next floor houses the shipping room, buyers' examination room, and some grading space; and the top floor is devoted almost entirely to grading space and inspection rooms.

The auction room seats three hundred, and for the first sale buyers came from many of the leading fur houses in Canada and the United States. In all 33,000 ranch and wild mink were sold.

From now on, all the Canadian furs collected by the Hudson's Bay Company will pass through this building—perhaps to be sold by auction or private treaty, perhaps to be forwarded to more favourable markets in London or New York.

## Lat. & Long.

Have you ever studied a terrestrial globe and noted the latitudes of towns you know—or know about—in different countries? If not, you're due for some surprises. Did you realize, for instance, that everything in England is north of Winnipeg? That Montreal is not much farther north than Venice? Or that one part of Ontario is as far south as Constantinople? One usually thinks of Edmonton, Alberta, as pretty far north. Yet it lies in about the same latitude as Liverpool and Hamburg, while St. John's, Newfoundland, is no nearer the Pole than Budapest is.

Surprises are also in store when you come to compare longitudes. For example, in terms of longitude, Bering Strait lies about halfway between the Hawaiian Islands and New Zealand; part of Greenland is farther east than part of Africa; and Windsor, Ontario, is farther west than anything in South America.

## London Board Changes

On February 10 Sir Edward Peacock, G.C.V.O., retired from the London Committee of the Company—after an association of almost twenty years—because of the requirements of the Companies Act of the United Kingdom. (British Law requires directors to retire after they have reached the age of seventy.)

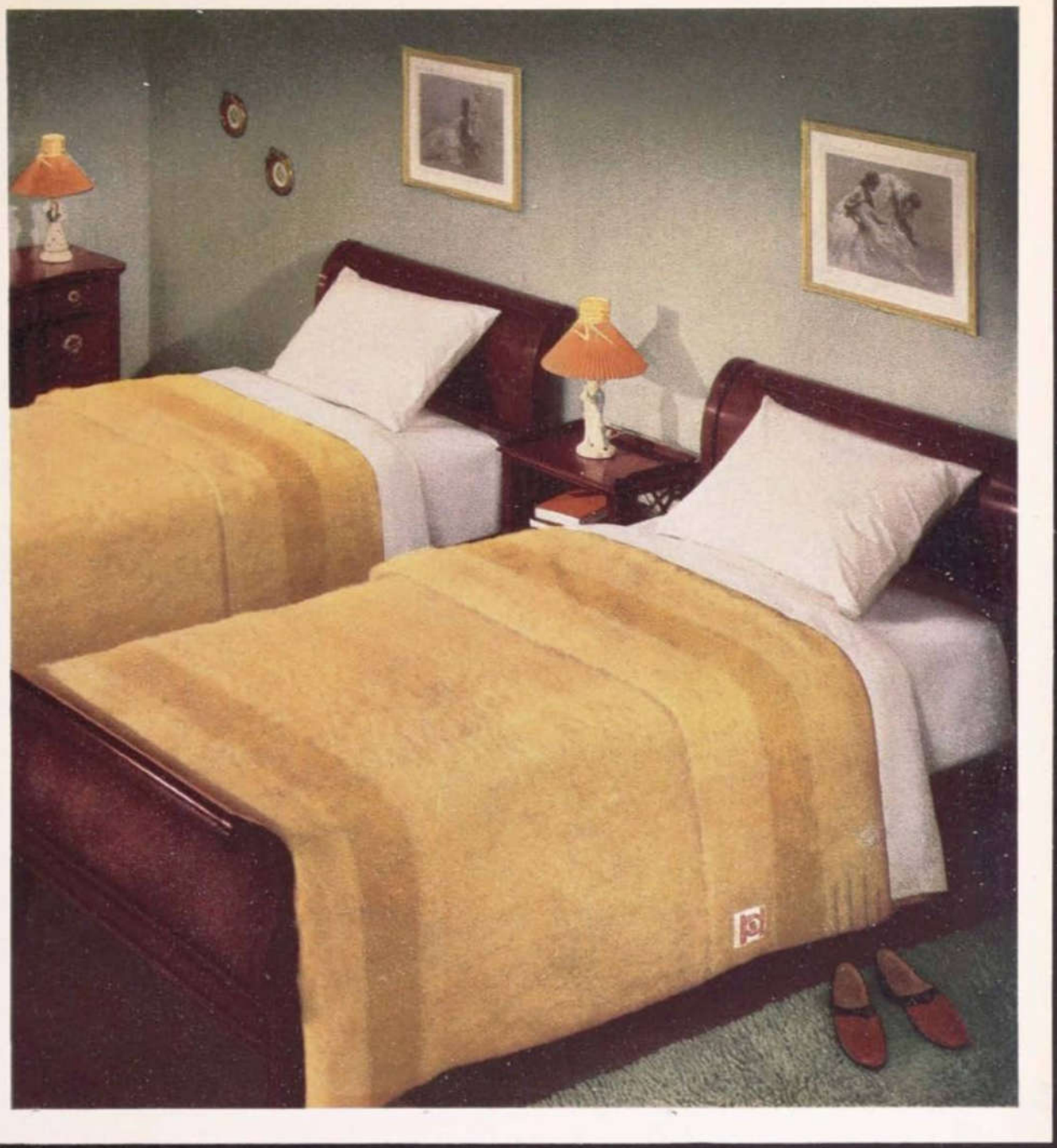
Sir Edward was born and educated in Canada. Upon completion of his studies at Queen's University (Kingston, Ontario) he taught at Upper Canada College, a private boys' school in Toronto. It was while he was in that city that he was attracted to the world of finance, and after seven years of teaching he joined Dominion Securities Corporation, investment bankers. His work took him to London, and soon he became a leader in the financial circles of the city, becoming a director of Baring Brothers, bankers, and of the Bank of England.

Mr. Eric Odin Faulkner, M.B.E., managing director of Glyn Mills & Company, bankers, has been elected to take the place of Sir Edward on the board. A graduate of Cambridge University, Mr. Faulkner was a gunner in the late war, serving from 1939 to 1945 in all theatres of operations, and retiring with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

## Wet Christmas

Ruth Harvey's description in the December *Beaver* of all the good things to be found in the Company's old Winnipeg store at Yuletide set many readers' mouths to watering; and here's an item from the same period that will cause quite a few tongues to hang out. Digging into its files last December, the *Herald*, of Lethbridge, Alberta, discovered that about forty years ago, the H B C store there put up Christmas hampers which must have added considerably to the warmth of the townsfolk's greetings.

Two hampers were advertised. One, consisting of a bottle each of rye, scotch, brandy, sherry, and port, and a box of fancy cigars, sold for five (5) dollars. The other, with the addition of a bottle each of Irish whisky and Jamaica rum, six bottles of lager, and a few more cigars, sold for ten dollars.



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